$1.50 per Annum. Price 15 Cents.

VOLUME III. FEBRUARY, 1886. NO. XXVI.

Shakespeariana

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE

THE **BEST THING KNOWN** FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives **universal satisfaction.** No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the **ONLY SAFE** labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of **JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.**

THE SCRIPTURES TRUE

Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scriptures, with special reference to the doubts and discoveries of modern times. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, author of "*Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World*," etc. New edition with the notes translated by A. N. Arnold. Price reduced from $1.75 to **50 cents.** Postage 10c. extra.

"We remember the intense interest with which we read these lectures at the beginning of our ministerial course. The historical principles which Rawlinson lays down and applies, and the wealth of facts which he subsidizes, remain in support of the divine word against current assailants. We are, therefore, glad to see this new edition of the lectures."—*Presbyterian Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"A book of great value, and especially adapted to meet the objections of skeptics at the present day. Mr. Rawlinson, from his accurate knowledge of the literary monuments of antiquity, as well as the remarkable discoveries which have recently been made in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, was peculiarly qualified for his work, and he has brought his vast stores of knowledge to confirm the historical accuracy of the Scriptures in a most convincing manner."—*Methodist Recorder, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.

802 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Shakespeariana.

While aiming to furnish a recognized medium for the interchange of views among Shakespearian scholars, and to afford the student the fullest information to Shakespeare's art, life and writings,

SHAKESPEARIANA

is specially designed to extend the influence of Shakespeare, as a popular educator, and to stimulate the study of his works in our colleges and institutions of learning.

$1.50 PER YEAR.

Leonard Scott Publication Co.,

1104 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

26857 B 32
7

NO. XXVI. FEBRUARY, 1886. VOL. III.

CONTENTS:

Thomas Middleton. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. 49
Æschylus and Shakespeare. JULIA WEDGEWOOD. 65
The Editors of Shakespeare. J. PARKER NORRIS. 75
Henry Norman Hudson. 81
Macbeth. WM. LEIGHTON, JR. 82

NOTES AND QUERIES.
Hamlet, I, i, 96. B. G. KINNEAR. 83

THE DRAMA.
The Month. 85
The Taming of the Shrew by the American Opera Company. . . 86
The Season in Philadelphia. 87
McKee Rankin's Revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. . . 88
The illness of T. W. Keene. 88
John Coleman on Wilson Barrett. 89

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.
January. 89

REVIEWS.
Mrs. Pott's *32 Reasons*. 91

MISCELLANY. 96

PHILADELPHIA:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,
1104 WALNUT STREET.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/n26shakespearian03shakuoft

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

If it be true, as we are told on high authority, that the greatest glory of England is her literature and the greatest glory of English literature is its poetry, it is not less true that the greatest glory of English poetry lies rather in its dramatic than its epic or its lyric triumphs. The name of Shakespeare is above the names even of Milton and Coleridge and Shelly: and the names of his comarades in art and their immediate successors are above all but the highest names in any other province of our song. There is such an overflowing life, such a superb exuberance of abounding and exulting strength, in the dramatic poetry of the half-century extending from 1500 to 1640, that all other epochs of English literature seem as it were but half awake and half alive by comparison with this generation of giants and of gods. There is more sap in this than in any other branch of the national bay-tree; it has an energy in fertility which reminds us rather of the forest than the garden or the park. It is true that the weeds and briars of the underwood are but likely to embarrass and offend the feet of the rangers and the gardeners who trim the level flower-plots or preserve the domestic game of enclosed and ordered lowlands in the tamer demesnes of literature. The sun is strong and the wind sharp in the climate which reared the fellows and the followers of Shakespeare The extreme inequality and roughness of the ground must also be taken into account when we are disposed, as I for one have often been disposed, to wonder beyond measure at the apathetic ignorance of average students in regard of the abundant treasure to be gathered from this widest and most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England. And yet, since Charles Lamb threw open its gates to all comers in the ninth year of the present century, it cannot but seem strange that comparatively so few should have availed themselves of the entry to so rich and royal an estate. The subsequent labours of Mr. Dyce made the rough ways plain and the devious paths straight for all serious and worthy students. And now again Mr. Bullen has taken up a task than which none more ardous and important, none worthier of thanks and praise, can be undertaken by any English scholar. In his beautiful and valuable edition of Marlowe there are but two points to which exception may be taken. It was, I think, a fault of omission to exclude the apocryphal

play of *Lust's Dominion* from a place in the appendix: it was, I am certain, a fault of commission to admit instead of it the much bepuffed and very puffy rubbish of the late Mr. Horne. That clever, versatile, and energetic writer never went so far out of his depth, or floundered so pitifully in such perilous waters, as when he ventured to put verses of his own into the mouth of Christopher Marlowe. These errors we must all hope to see rectified in a second issue of the text: and meantime we can but welcome with all possible gratitude and applause the magnificent series of old plays by unknown writers which we owe to the keen research and the fine appreciation of Marlowe's latest editor. Of these I may find some future occasion to speak: my present business is with the admirable poet who has been promoted to the second place in Mr. Bullen's collection of the English dramatists.

The selection of Middleton for so distinguished a place of honor may probably not approve itself to the judgment of all experts in dramatic literature. Charles Lamb, as they will all remember, would have advised the editor 'to begin with the collected plays of Heywood:' which as yet, like the plays of Dekker, of Marston, and of Chapman, remain unedited in any serious or scholarly sense of the term. The existing reprints merely reproduce, without adequate elucidation or correction, the corrupt and chaotic text of the worst early editions: while Middleton has for upwards of half a century enjoyed the privilege denied to men who are usually accounted his equals if not his superiors in poetic if not in dramatic genius. Even for an editor of the ripest learning and the highest ability there is comparatively little to do where Mr. Dyce has been before him in the field. However, we must all give glad and grateful welcome to a new edition of a noble poet who has never yet received his full meed of praise and justice: though our gratitude and our gladness may be quickened and dilated by the proverbial sense of further favours to come.

The first word of modern tribute to the tragic genius of Thomas Middleton was not spoken by Charles Lamb. Four years before the appearance of the priceless volume which established his fame for ever among all true lovers of English poetry by copious excerpts from five of the most characteristic works, Walter Scott, in a note on the fifty-sixth stanza of the second fytte of the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, had given a passing word of recognition to the 'horribly striking' power of 'some passages' in Middleton's masterpiece: which was first reprinted eleven years later, in the fourth volume of Dilke's Old Plays. Lamb, surprisingly enough, has given not a single extract from that noble tragedy: it was reserved for Leigh Hunt, when speaking of its author, to remark that 'there is one character of his (De Flores in *The Changeling*) which, for effect at once tragical, probable, and poetical, surpasses anything I know of in the drama of

domestic life.' The praise is not a whit too high: the truth could not have been better said.

The play with which Mr. Bullen, altering the arrangement adopted by Mr. Dyce, opens his edition of Middleton, is a notable example of the best and the worst qualities which distinguish or disfigure the romantic comedy of the Shakespearean age. The rude and reckless composition, the rough intrusion of savourless farce, the bewildering combinations of incident and the far more bewildering fluctuations of character—all the inconsistences, incongruities, incoherences of the piece are forgotten when the reader remembers and reverts to the passages of exquisite and facinating beauty which relieve and redeem the utmost errors of negligence and haste. To find anything more delightful more satisfying in its pure and simple perfection of loveliness, we must turn to the very best examples of Shakespeare's youthful work. Nay, it must be allowed that in one or two of the master's earliest plays—in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance —we shall find nothing comparable for charm and sincerity of sweet and passionate fancy with such enchanting verses as these.

> O happy persecution, I embrace thee
> With an unfettered soul! So sweet a thing
> It is to sigh upon the rack of love,
> Where each calamity is groaning witness
> Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
> Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
> With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
> The leaves off the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
> Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell:
> By rote it reads woe, ere it learn to spell.

Again: the 'secure tyrant, but unhappy lover,' whose prisoner and rival has thus expressed his triumphant resignation, is counselled by his friend to 'go laugh and lie down,' as not having slept for three nights; but answers, in words even more delicious than his supplanter's:

> Alas, how can I? he that truly loves
> Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
> And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
> Unto the closing day, then tears begin
> To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
> Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears:
> Love's eye the jewel of sleep, O, seldom wears!
> The early lark is wakened from her bed,
> Being only by love's plaints disquieted;
> And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
> Being deep in love, at lover's broken sleeps:
> But say a golden slumber chance to tie
> With silken strings the cover of love's eye,
> Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
> Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent

Perfect in music, faultless in feeling, exquisite in refined simplicity of expression, this passage is scarcely more beautiful and noble than one or two in the play which follows. The *Phœnix* is a quaint and homely compound of satirical realism in social studies with utopian invention in the figure of an ideal prince, himself a compound of Harun al-Rashid and 'Albert the Good,' who wanders through the play as a detective in disguise, and appears in his own person at the close to discharge in full the general and particular claims of justice and philanthropy. The whole work is slight and sketchy, primitive if not puerile in parts, but easy and amusing to read; the confidence reposed by the worthy monarch in noblemen of such unequivocal nomenclature as Lord Proditor, Lussurioso, and Infesto, is one of the signs that we are here still on the debatable borderland between the old Morality and the new Comedy—a province where incarnate vices and virtues are seen figuring and posturing in what can scarcely be called masquerade. But the two fine soliloquies of Phœnix on the corruption of the purity of law (Act i. scene iv.) and the profanation of the sanctity of marriage (Act ii. scene ii.) are somewhat riper and graver in style, with less admixture of rhyme and more variety of cadence, than the lovely verses above quoted. Milton's obligation to the latter passage is less direct than to his earlier obligation to a later play of Middleton's from which he transferred one of the most beautiful as well as most famous images in *Lycidas*: but his early and intimate acquaintance with Middleton had apparently (as Mr. Dyce seems to think[1]) left in the ear of the blind old poet a more or less distinct echo from the noble opening verses of the dramatist's address to 'reverend and honourable matrimony.'

In *Michaelmas Term* the realism of Middleton's comic style is no longer alloyed or flavoured with poetry or fancy. It is an excellent Hogarthian comedy, full of rapid and vivid incident, of pleasant or indignant humor. Its successor, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, is by far the best play Middleton had yet written, and one of the best he ever wrote. The merit of this and his other good comedies does not indeed consist in any new or subtle study of character, any Shakesperean creation or Jonsonian invention of humours or of men: the spendthrifts and the misers, the courtesans and the dotards, are figures borrowed from the common stock of stage tradition: it is the

[1] Mr. Dyce would no doubt have altered his opinion had he lived to see the evidence adduced by the Director of the New Meltun Society that the real author of *A Game at Chess* was none other than John Milton himself: whose earliest poems had appeared the year before the publication of that anti-papal satire. This discovery is only less curious and precious than a later revelation which we must accept on the same authority, that *Comus*, was written by Sir John Suckling, *Paradise Regained* by Lord Rochester, and *Samson Agonistes*, by Elkanah Settle: while on the other hand it may be affirmed with no less confidence that Milton—who never would allow his name to be spelt right on the title-page or under the dedication of any work published by him—owed his immunity from punishment after the Restoration to the admitted act that he was the real author of Dryden's *Astræa Redux*.

vivid variety of incident and intrigue, the freshness and ease and vigour of the style, the clear straightforward energy and vivacity of the action, that the reader finds most praiseworthy in the best comic work of such ready writers as Middleton and Dekker. The dialogue has sometimes touches of real humour and flashes of genuine wit: but its readable and enjoyable quality is generally independent of these. Very witty writing may be very dreary reading, for want of natural animation and true dramatic movement: and in these qualities at least the rough and ready work of our old dramatists is seldom if ever deficient.

It is, however, too probable that the reader's enjoyment may be crossed by a dash of exasperation when he finds a writer of real genius so reckless of fame and self-respect as the pressure of want or the weariness of overwork seems but too often and too naturally to have made too many of the great dramatic journeymen whose powers were half-wasted or half-worn out in the struggle for bare bread. No other excuse than this can be advanced for the demerit of Middleton's next comedy. Had the author wished to show how well and how ill he could write at his worst and at his best, he could have given no fairer proof than by the publication of the two plays issued under his name in the year 1608. *The Family of Love* is in my judgment unquestionably and incomparably the worst of Middleton's plays: very course, very dull, altogether distasteful and ineffectual. As a religious satire it is so utterly pointless as to leave no impression of any definite folly or distinctive knavery in the doctrine or the practice of the particular sect held up by name to ridicule: an obscure body of feather-headed fanatics, concerning whom we can only be certain that they were decent and inoffensive in comparison with the yelling Yahoos whom the scandalous and senseless license of our own day allows to run and roar about the country unmuzzled and unwhipped.

There is much more merit in the broad comedy of *Your Five Gallants*, a curious burlesque study of manners and morals not generally commendable for imitation. The ingenious and humorous invention which supplies a centre for the picture and a pivot for the action is most singularly identical with the device of a modern detective as recorded by the greatest English writer of his day 'The Butcher's Story,' told to Dickens by the Policeman who had played the part of the innocent young butcher, may be profitably compared by lovers of detective humour with the story of Fitzgrave —a 'thrice worthy' gentleman who under the disguise of a young gull fresh from college succeeds in circumventing and unmasking the five associated swindlers of variously villainous professions by whom a fair and amiable heiress is beleagured and befooled. The play is somewhat crude and hasty in construction, but full of life and fun and grotesque variety of humorous event.

The first of Middleton's plays to attract notice from students of a later generation, *A Mad World, my Masters*, if not quite so thoroughly good a comedy as *A Trick to catch the Old One*, must be allowed to contain the very best comic character ever drawn or sketched by the fertile and flowing pen of its author. The prodigal grandfather, Sir Bounteous Progress, is perhaps the most lifelike figure of a good-humoured and liberal old libertine that ever amused or scandalized a tolerant or intolerant reader. The chief incidents of the action are admirably humorous and ingenious; but the matrimonial part of the catastrophe is something more than repulsive, and the singular intervention of a real live succubus, less terrible in her seductions than her sister of the *Contes Drolatiques*, can hardly seem happy or seasonable to a generation which knows not King James and his Demonology.

Of the two poets occasionally associated with Middleton in the composition of a play, Dekker seems usually to have taken in hand the greater part, and Rowley the lesser part, of the composite poem engendered by their joint efforts. The style of *The Roaring Girl* is full of Dekker's peculiar mannerisms: slipshod and straggling metre, incongruous touches or flashes of fanciful or lyrical expression, reckless and awkward inversions, irrational and irrepressible outbreaks of irregular and fitful rhyme. And with all these faults it is more unmistakably the style of a born poet than is the usual style of Middleton. Dekker would have taken a high place among the finest if not among the greatest of English poets if he had but had the sense of form—the instinct of composition. Whether it was modesty, indolence, indifference or incompetence, some drawback or shortcoming there was which so far impaired the quality of his strong and delicate genius that it is impossible for his most ardent and cordial admirer to say or think of his very best work that it really does him justice—that it adequately represents the fullness of his unquestionable powers. And yet it is certain that Lamb was not less right than usual when he said that Dekker 'had poetry enough for anything.' But he had not constructive power enough for the trade of a playwright—the trade in which he spent so many weary years of ill-requited labour. This comedy in which we first find him associated with Middleton is well written and well contrived, and fairly diverting—especially to an idle or an uncritical reader; though even such a one may suspect that the heroine here represented as a virginal virago must have been in fact rather like Dr. Johnson'a fair friend Bet Flint; of whom the Great Lexicographer 'used to say that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally whore and thief' (Boswell, May 8, 1781). The parallel would have been more nearly complete if Moll Cutpurse 'had written her own Life in verse,' and brought it to Selden or Bishop Hall with a request that he would furnish her with a preface to it. But the seventeenth century was inadequate to so perfect a production of the kind; and we doubt not

through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of girls are widened with the process of the suns.

The plays of Middleton are not so properly divisible into tragic and comic as into realistic and romantic—into plays of which the mainspring is essentially prosaic or photographic, and plays of which the mainspring is principally fanciful or poetical. Two only of the former class remain to be mentioned; *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. There is very good stuff in the plot or groundwork of the former, but the workmanship is hardly worthy of the material. Mr. Bullen ingeniously and plausibly suggests the partnership of Shirley in this play; but the conception of the character in which he discerns a likeness to the touch of the lesser dramatist is happier and more original than such a comparison would indicate. The young stepmother whose affectation of selfish levity and grasping craft is really designed to cure her husband of his infatuation, and to reconcile him with the son who regards her as his worst enemy, is a figure equally novel, effective and attractive. The honest shopkeeper and his shrewish wife may remind us again of Dickens by their points of likeness to Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; though the reformation of the mercer's jealous vixen is brought about by more humorous and less tragical means than the repentance of the law-stationer's 'little woman.' George the apprentice, through whose wit and energy this happy consummation becomes possible, is a very original and amusing example of the young Londoner of the period. But there is more humour, though very little chastity, in the *Chaste Maid*; a play of quite exceptional freedom and audacity, and certainly one of the drollest and liveliest that ever broke the bounds of propriety or shook the sides of merriment.

The opening of *More Dissemblers besides Women* is as full at once of comic and of romantic promise as the upshot of the whole is unsatisfactory—a most lame and impotent conclusion. But some of the dialogue is exquisite; full of flowing music and gentle grace, of ease and softness and fancy and spirit; and the part of a poetic or romantic Joseph Surface, as perfect in the praise of virtue as in the practice of vice, is one of Middleton's really fine and happy inventions. In the style of *The Widow* there is no less fluency and facility: it is throughout identical with that of Middleton's other comedies in metre; a style which has so many points in common with Fletcher's as to make the apocryphal attribution of a share in this comedy to the hand of the greater poet more plausible than many other ascriptions of the kind. I am inclined nevertheless to agree with Mr. Bullen's apparent opinion that the whole credit of this brilliant play may be reasonably assigned to Middleton; and especially with his remark that the only scene in which any resemblance to the manner of Ben Jonson can be traced by the most determined ingenuity of critical research is more like the work of a pupil than like a hasty

sketch of the master's. There is no lack of energetic invention and beautiful versification in another comedy of adventure and intrigue, *No Wit, no help like a Woman's:* the unpleasant or extravagant quality of certain incidents in the story is partially neutralized or modified by the unfailing charm of a style worthy of Fletcher himself in his ripest and sweetest stage of poetic comedy.

But high above all the works yet mentioned there stands and will stand conspicuous while noble emotion and noble verse have honour among English readers the pathetic and heroic play so memorably appreciated by Charles Lamb, *A Fair Quarrel.* It would be the vainest and emptiest impertinence to offer a word in echo of his priceless and imperishable praise. The delicate nobility of the central conception on which the hero's character depends for its full relief and development should be enough to efface all remembrance of any defect or default in moral taste, any shortcoming on the æsthetic side of ethics, which may be detected in any slighter or hastier example of the poet's invention. A man must be dull and slow of sympathies indeed who cannot respond in spirit to that bitter cry of chivalrous and manful agony at sense of the shadow of a mother's shame:

> Quench, my spirit,
> And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
> Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
> I never shall have use of valour more.

Middleton has no second hero like Captian Ager; but where is there another so thoroughly noble and lovable among all the characters of all the dramatists of his time but Shakespeare?

The part taken by Rowley in this play is easy for any tiro in criticism to verify. The rough and crude genius of that perverse and powerful writer is not seen here by any means at its best. I cannot as yet claim to an exhaustive acquaintance with his works, but judging from what I have read of them I should say that his call was rather towards tragedy than towards comedy; that his mastery of severe and serious emotion was more genuine and more natural than his command of satirical or grotesque realism. The tragedy in which he has grappled with the subject afterwards so differently handled in the first and greatest of Landor's tragedies is to me of far more interest and value than such comedies as that which kindled the enthusiasm of a loyal Londoner in the civic sympathies of Lamb. Disfigured as it is towards the close by indulgence in mere horror and brutality after the fashion of Andronicus or Jeronimo, it has more beauty and power and pathos in its best scenes than a reader of his comedies—as far as I know them—would have expected. There are noticeable points of likeness—apart from the coincidence of subject—between this and Mr. Caldwell Roscoe's noble tragedy of *Violenzia.* But in the underplot of *A Fair Quarrel* Rowley's besetting faults of

coarseness and quaintness, stiffness and roughness, are so flagrant and obtrusive that we cannot avoid a feeling of regret and irritation at such untimely and inharmonious evidence of his partnership with a poet of finer if not of sturdier genius. The same sense of discord and inequality will be aroused on comparison of the worse with the better parts of *The Old Law*. The clumsiness and dullness of the farcical interludes can hardly be paralleled in the rudest and hastiest scenes of Middleton's writing: while the sweet and noble dignity of the finer passages have the stamp of his ripest and tenderest genius on every line and in every cadence. But for sheer bewildering incongruity there is no play known to me which can be compared with *The Mayor of Queenborough*. Here again we find a note so dissonant and discordant in the lighter parts of the dramatic concert that we seem at once to recognize the harsher and hoarser instrument of Rowley. The farce is even more extravagantly and preposterously mistimed and misplaced than that which disfigures the play just mentioned; but I thoroughly agree with Mr. Bullen's high estimate of the power displayed and maintained throughout the tragic and poetic part of this drama; to which no previous critic has ever vouchsafed a word of due acknowledgment. The story is ugly and unnatural, but its repulsive effect is transfigured or neutralized by the charm of tender or passionate poetry; and it must be admitted that the hideous villainy of Vortiger and Horsus affords an opening for subsequent scenic effects of striking and genuine tragical interest.

The difference between the genius of Middleton and the genius of Dekker could not be better illustrated than by comparison of their attempts at political and patriotic allegory. The lazy, slovenly, impatient genius of Dekker flashes out by fits and starts on the reader of the play in which he has expressed his English hatred of Spain and Popery, his English pride in the rout of the Armada, and his English gratitude for the part played by Queen Elizabeth in the crowning struggle of the time: but his most cordial admirer can hardly consider *The Whore of Babylon* a shining or satisfactory example of dramatic art. The play which brought Middleton into prison, and earned for the actors a sum so far beyond parallel as to have seemed incredible till the fullest evidence was procured, is one of the most complete and exquisite works of artistic ingenuity and dexterity that ever excited or offended, enraptured or scandalized an audience of friends or enemies: the only work of English poetry which may properly be called Aristophanic. It has the same depth of civic seriousness, the same earnest ardour and devotion to the old cause of the old country, the same solid fervour of enthusiasm and indignation, which animated the third great poet of Athens against the corruption of art by the sophistry of Euripides and the corruption of manhood by the sophistry of Socrates. The delicate skill of the workmanship can only be appreciated by careful and thorough study;

but that the infusion of poetic fancy and feeling into the generally comic and satiric style is hardly unworthy of the comparison which I have ventured to challenge, I will take but one brief extract for evidence.

> Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
> The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
> Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
> Upon a bashful rose.

Here for once even 'that celestial thief' John Milton has impaired rather than improved the effect of the beautiful phrase borrowed from an earlier and inferior poet. His use of Middleton's exquisite image is not quite so apt—so perfectly picturesque and harmonious —as the use to which it was put by the inventor.

Nothing in the age of Shakespeare is so difficult for an Englishman of our own age to realize as the temper, the intelligence, the serious and refined elevation of an audience which was at once capable of enjoying and applauding the roughest and coarsest kinds of pleasantry, the rudest and crudest scenes of violence, and competent to appreciate the finest and the highest reaches of poetry, the subtlest and the most sustained allusions of ethical or political symbolism. The large and long popularity of an exquisite dramatic or academic allegory such as *Lingua*, which would seem to appeal only to readers of exceptional education, exceptional delicacy of perception, and exceptional quickness of wit, is hardly more remarkable than the popular success of a play requiring such keen constancy of attention, such vivid wakefulness and promptitude of apprehension, as this even more serious than fantastic work of Middleton's. The vulgarity and puerility of all modern attempts at any comparable effect need not be cited to throw into relief the essential finish, the impassioned intelligence, the high spiritual and literary level, of these crowded and brilliant and vehement five acts. Their extreme cleverness, their indefatigable ingenuity, would in any case have been remarkable: but their fulness of active and poetic life gives them an interest far deeper and higher and more permanent than the mere sense of curiosity and wonder.

But if *A Game at Chess* is especially distinguished by its complete and thorough harmony of execution and design, the lack of any such artistic merit in another famous work of Middleton's is such as once more to excite that irritating sense of inequality, irregularity, inconstancy of genius and inconsequence of aim, which too often besets and bewilders the student of our early dramatists. There is poetry enough in *The Witch* to furnish forth a whole generation of poeticules: but the construction or composition of the play, the arrangement and evolution of event, the distinction or development of character, would do less than little credit to a boy of twelve; who at any rate would hardly have thought of patching up so ridiculous a

reconciliation between intending murderers and intended victims as here exceeds in absurdity the chaotic combination of accident and error which disposes of inconvenient or superfluous underlings. But though neither Mr. Dyce nor Mr. Bullen has been at all excessive or unjust in his animadversions on these flagrant faults and follies, neither editor has given his author due credit for the excellence of style, of language and versification, which makes this play readable throughout with pleasure, if not always without impatience. Fletcher himself, the acknowledged master of the style here adopted by Middleton, has left no finer example of metrical fluency and melodious ease. The fashion of dialogue and composition is no doubt rather feminine than masculine: Marlowe and Jonson, Webster and Beaumont, Tourneur and Ford,—to cite none but the greatest of authorities in this kind—wrote a firmer if not a freer hand, struck a graver if not a sweeter note of verse: this rapid effluence of easy expression is liable to lapse into conventional efflux of facile improvisation: but such command of it as Middleton's is impossible to any but a genuine and a memorable poet.

As for the supposed obligations of Shakespeare to Middleton or Middleton to Shakespeare, the imaginary relations of *The Witch* to *Macbeth* or *Macbeth* to *The Witch*, I can only say that the investigation of this subject seems to me as profitable as a research into the natural history of snakes in Iceland. That the editors to whom we owe the miserably defaced and villainously garbled text which is all that has reached us of *Macbeth*, not content with the mutilation of the greater poet, had recourse to the interpolation of a few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work—that the players who mangled Shakespeare were the pilferers who plundered Middleton—must be obvious to all but those (if any such yet exist anywhere) who are capable of believing the unspeakably impudent assertion of those mendacious malefactors that they have left us a pure and perfect edition of Shakespeare. These passages are all thoroughly in keeping with the general tone of the lesser work; it would be tautology to add that they are no less utterly out of keeping with the general tone of the other. But in their own way nothing can be finer: they have a tragic liveliness in ghastliness, a grotesque animation of horror, which no other poet has ever conceived or conveyed to us. The difference between Michel Angelo and Goya, Tintoretto and Gustave Doré, does not quite efface the right of the minor artists to existence and remembrance.

The tragedy of *Women beware Women*, whether or not it be accepted as the masterpiece of Middleton, is at least an excellent example of the facility and fluency and equable promptitude of style which all students will duly appreciate and applaud in the riper and completer work of this admirable poet. It is full to overflowing of

noble eloquence, of inventive resource and suggestive effect, of rhetorical affluence and theatrical ability. The opening or exposition of the play is quite masterly: and the scene in which the forsaken husband is seduced into consolation by the temptress of his wife is worthy of all praise for the straightforward ingenuity and the serious delicacy by which the action is rendered credible and the situation endurable. But I fear that few or none will be found to disagree with my opinion that no such approbation or tolerance can be reasonably extended so as to cover or condone the offences of either the underplot or the upshot of the play. The one is repulsive beyond redemption by elegance of style, the other is preposterous beyond extenuation on the score of logic or poetical justice. Those who object on principle to solution by massacre must object in consistency to the conclusions of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*: nor are the results of Webster's tragic invention more questionable or less inevitable than the results of Shakespeare's: but the dragnet of murder which gathers in the characters at the close of this play is as promiscuous in its sweep as that cast by Cyril Tourneur over the internecine shoal of sharks who are hauled in and ripped open at the close of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Had Middleton been content with the admirable subject of his main action, he might have given us a simple and unimpeachable masterpiece: and even as it is he has left us a noble and a memorable work. It is true that the irredeemable infamy of the leading characters degrades and deforms the nature of the interest excited: the good and gentle old mother whose affectionate simplicity is so gracefully and attractively painted passes out of the story and drops out of the list of actors just when some redeeming figure is most needed to assuage the dreariness of disgust with which we follow the fortunes of so meanly criminal a crew: and the splendid eloquence of the only other respectable person in the play is not of itself sufficient to make a living figure, rather than a mere mouthpiece for indignant emotion, of so subordinate and inactive a character as the Cardinal. The lower comedy of the play is identical in motive with that which defaces the master-work of Ford: more stupid and offensive it hardly could be. But the high comedy of the scene between Livia and the Widow is as fine as the best work in that kind left us by the best poets and humourists of the Shakespearean age; it is not indeed unworthy of the comparison with Chaucer's which it suggested to the all but impeccable judgment of Charles Lamb.

The lack of moral interest and sympathetic attraction in the characters and the story, which has been noted as the principal defect in the otherwise effective composition of *Women beware Women*, is an objection which cannot be brought against the graceful tragicomedy of *The Spanish Gipsy*. Whatever is best in the tragic or in the romantic part of this play bears the stamp of Middleton's genius alike in the sentiment and the style. 'The code of modern morals, 'to

borrow a convenient phrase from Shelley, may hardly incline us to accept as plausible or as possible the repentance and the redemption of so brutal a ruffian as Roderigo: but the vivid beauty of the dialogue is equal to the vivid interest of the situation which makes the first act one of the most striking in any play of the time. The double action has some leading points in common with two of Fletcher's, which have nothing in common with each other: Merione in *The Queen of Corinth* is less interesting than Clara, but the vagabonds of *Beggars' Bush* are more amusing than Rowley's or Middleton's. The play is somewhat deficient in firmness or solidity of construction: it is, if such a phrase be permissible, one of those half-baked or underdone dishes of various and confused ingredients, in which the cook's or the baker's hurry has impaired the excellent materials of wholesome bread and savoury meat. The splendid slovens who served their audience with spiritual work in which the gods had mixed 'so much of earth, so much of heaven, and such impetuous blood'—the generous and headlong purveyors who lavished on their daily provision of dramatic fare such wealth of fine material and such prodigality of superfluous grace—the foremost followers of Marlowe and of Shakespeare were too prone to follow the reckless example of the first rather than the severe example of the second. There is perhaps not one of them—and Middleton assuredly is not one—whom we can reasonably imagine capable of the patience and self-respect which induced Shakespeare to rewrite the triumphantly popular parts of Romeo, of Falstaff, and of Hamlet, with an eye to the literary perfection and permanence of work which in its first light outline had won the crowning suffrage of immediate or spectacular applause.

The rough and ready hand of Rowley may be traced, not indeed in the more high-toned passages, but in many of the most animated scenes of *The Spanish Gipsy*. In the most remarkable of the ten masques or interludes which appear among the collected works of Middleton the two names are again associated. To the freshness, liveliness, and spiritual ingenuity of this little allegorical comedy Mr. Bullen has done ample justice in his excellent critical introduction. *The Inner-Temple Masque*, less elaborate than *The World Tost at Tennis*, shows no lack of homely humour and invention: and in the others there is as much waste of fine flowing verse and facile fancy as ever excited the rational regret of a modern reader at the reckless profusion of literary power which the great poets of the time were content to lavish on the decoration or exposition of an ephemeral pageant. Of Middleton's other minor works, apocryphal or genuine, I will only say that his authorship of *Microcynicon*—a dull and crabbed imitation of Marston's worst work as a satirist—seems to be utterly incredible. A lucid and melodious fluency of style is the mark of all his metrical writing: and this stupid piece of obscure and clumsy jargon could have been the work of no man endowed with more faculty of expres-

sion that informs or modulates the whine of an average pig. Nor is it rationally conceivable that the Thomas Middleton who soiled some reams of paper with what he was pleased to consider or to call a paraphrase of the *Wisdom of Solomon* can have had anything but a poet's name in common with a poet. This name is not like that of the great writer whose name is attached to *The Transformed Metamorphosis*: there can hardly have been two Cyril Tourneurs in the field, but there may well have been half a dozen Thomas Middletons. And Tourneur's abortive attempt at allegoric discourse is but a preposterous freak of prolonged eccentricity: this paraphrase is simply a tideless sea of limitless and inexhaustible drivel. There are three reasons—two of them considerable, but the third conclusive—for assigning to Middleton the two satirical tracts in the style of Nash, or rather of Dekker, which appeared in the same year with his initials subscribed to their prefatory addresses. Mr. Dyce thought they were written by the poet whose ready verse and realistic humour are both well represented in their text: Mr. Bullen agrees with Mr. Dyce in thinking that they are the work of Middleton. And Mr. Carew Hazlitt thinks that they are not.

No such absolute and final evidence as this can be adduced in favour or disfavour of the theory which would saddle the reputation of Middleton with the authorship of a dull and disjointed comedy, the work (it has hitherto been supposed) of the German substitute for Shakespeare. Middleton has no doubt left us more crude and shapeless plays than *The Puritan*; none, in my opinion,—excepting always his very worst authentic example of farce or satire, *The Family of Love*—so heavy and so empty and so feeble. If it must be assigned to any author of higher rank than the new Shakspere, I would suggest that it is much more like Rowley's than like Middleton's worst work. Of the best qualities which distinguish either of these writers as poet or as humourist, it has not the shadow or the glimmer of a vestige.

In the last and the greatest work which bears their united names —a work which should suffice to make either name immortal if immortality were other than an accidental attribute of genius—the very highest capacity of either poet is seen at its very best. There is more of mere poetry, more splendour of style and vehemence of verbal inspiration, in the work of other poets then writing for the stage: the two masterpieces of Webster are higher in tone at their highest, more imaginative and more fascinating in their expression of terrible or of piteous wrath: there are more superb harmonies, more glorious raptures of ardent and eloquent music, in the sometimes unsurpassed and unsurpassable poetic passion of Cyril Tourneur. But even Webster's men seem but splendid sketches, as Tourneur's seem but shadowy or fiery outlines, beside the perfect and living figure of De Flores. The man is so horribly human, so fearfully and wonderfully natural, in his single-hearted brutality of devotion, his absolute

absorption of soul and body by one consuming force of passionately cynical desire, that we must go to Shakespeare for an equally original and an equally unquestionable revelation of indubitable truth. And in no play by Beaumont and Fletcher is the concord between the two partners more singularly complete in unity of spirit and of style than throughout the tragic part of this play. The underplot from which it most unluckily and absurdly derives its title is very stupid, rather coarse, and almost vulgar: but the two great parts of Beatrice and De Flores are equally consistent, coherent and sustained, in the scenes obviously written by Middleton and in the scenes obviously written by Rowley. The subordinate part taken by Middleton in Dekker's play of *The Honest Whore* is difficult to discern from the context or to verify by inner evidence: though some likeness to his realistic or photographic method may be admitted as perceptible in the admirable picture of Bellafront's morning reception at the opening of the second act of the first part. But here we may assert with fair confidence that the first and the last scenes of the play bear the indisputable sign-manual of William Rowley. His vigorous and vivid genius, his somewhat hard and curt directness of style and manner, his clear and trenchant power of straightforward presentation or exposition, may be traced in every line as plainly as the hand of Middleton must be recognized in the main part of the tragic action intervening. To Rowley therefore must be assigned the very high credit of introducing and of dismissing with adequate and even triumphant effect the strangely original tragic figure which owes its fullest and finest development to the genius of Middleton. To both poets alike must unqualified and equal praise be given for the subtle simplicity of skill with which they make us appreciate the fatal and foreordained affinity between the ill-favoured, rough-mannered, broken-down gentleman, and the headstrong unscrupulous unobservant girl whose very abhorrence of him serves only to fling her down from her high station of haughty beauty into the very clutch of his ravenous and pitiless passion. Her cry of horror and astonishment at first perception of the price to be paid for a service she had thought to purchase with mere money is so wonderfully real in its artless and ingenuous sincerity that Shakespeare himself could hardly have bettered it:

> Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
> And shelter such a cunning cruelty,
> To make his death the murderer of my honour!

That note of incredulous amazement that the man whom she has just instigated to the commission of murder 'can be so wicked' as to have served her ends for any end of his own beyond the pay of a professional assassin is a touch worthy of the greatest dramatist that ever lived. The perfect simplicity of expression is as notable as the perfect innocence of her surprise; the candid astonishment of a nature ab-

solutely incapable of seeing more than one thing or holding more than one thought at a time. That she, the first criminal, should be honestly shocked as well as physically horrified by revelation of the real motive which impelled her accomplice into crime, gives a lurid streak of tragic humour to the lifelike interest of the scene; as the pure infusion of spontaneous poetry throughout redeems the whole work from the charge of vulgar subservience to a vulgar taste for the presentation or the contemplation of criminal horror. Instances of this happy and natural nobility of instinct abound in the casual expressions which give grace and animation always, but never any touch of rhetorical transgression or florid superfluity, to the brief and trenchant swordplay of the tragic dialogue.

> That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't,
> And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
> For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
> Beat at your bosom.

The wording of this passage is sufficient to attest the presence and approve the quality of a poet: the manner and the moment of its introduction would be enough to show the instinctive and inborn insight of a natural dramatist. As much may be said of the few words which give us a ghastly glimpse of supernatural terror:—

> Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
> Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
> 'Twas but a mist of conscience.

But the real power and genius of the work cannot be shown by extracts—not even by such extracts as these. His friend and colleague Dekker shows to better advantage by the process of selection: hardly one of his plays leaves so strong and sweet an impression of its general and complete excellence as of separate scenes or passages of tender and delicate imagination or emotion beyond the reach of Middleton: but the tragic unity and completness of conception which distinguish this masterpiece will be sought in vain among the less firm and solid figures of his less serious and profound invention. Had *The Changeling* not been preserved, we should not have known Middleton: as it is, we are more than justified in asserting that a critic who denies him a high place among the poets of England must be not merely ignorant of the qualities which involve a right or confer a claim to this position, but incapable of curing his ignorance by any process of study. The rough and rapid work which absorbed too much of this poet's time and toil seems almost incongruous with the impression made by the noble and thoughtful face, so full of gentle dignity and earnest composure, in which we recognise the graver and loftier genius of a man worthy to hold his own beside all but the greatest of his age. And that age was the age of Shakespeare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE *EUMENIDES* AND *HAMLET*.

"It is a dull play was the criticism which mroe than once met the ear of the spectator of the *Eumenides* as given at Cambridge this December, 1885. The music, the *mise-en-scène*, the spirit, grace, and beauty of the actors, all had their full meed of praise, but it was somewhat at the expense of the poet, who was felt to have kept his audience a long time listening to a story which contained very little incident, character painting, or fine poetry. The remark, together with the reminiscence which the play suggests of one which has never been thought dull, must have set more than one spectator pondering on the different kind of interest demanded by an Athenian and an English audience; and the question, how it is that human nature changes its demand for particular kinds of interest with the progress of the ages is a problem of perennial interest.

Perhaps we may imagine the difference between the kind of attention given to dramatic representation by Athenians and by modern Englishmen, if we conceive a child thinking he is to be taken to see Madame Tussaud's, and finding himself among the Elgin marbles. The demand for a story, as we understand the words, in connection with the drama, would probably impress a Greek much as the demand for the accessories of waxwork among sculpture would impress us. It was not that they were wholly without any conception of this kind of interest, there is a great deal of it in the "Iliad." The conversation between Helen and Priam on the walls of Troy, for instance, has much of the vivid expression of individual character which a modern playwright seeks to produce. But this kind of interest must have been deliberately renounced by the great dramatists. They *chose* that austere simplicity which is, to our taste, so undramatic. The play of various

human character is present in the poem which was to them at once their Bible and their Shakespeare, at least as unquestionably as it is in any modern poem, but the sharers in Homer's immortality reject his method, and if we look for that kind of interest in their work, we shall find none at all. The paradox involves the whole difference between the ancient and the modern view of this our human life, with all its issues of right and wrong, sweet and bitter, true and false. Much light is thrown on this difference by carrying out the comparison suggested above, and setting the *Eumenides* beside a play of Shakespeare's so similar to it in plot that we should certainly have credited the English poet with copying it, if he could have read Greek. The similarity of position between Orestes in the Greek and Hamlet in the English play brings out strikingly the radical divergence between the spirit of the two writers and the two nations.

The common elements are indeed remarkable.* Orestes and Hamlet have both to avenge a beloved father, who has fallen a victim to the guilty passion of an unfaithful wife; in each case the adulterer has ascended the throne; and a claim of higher than mere mortal authority demands his punishment; for the permitted return of Hamlet's father from the world beyond the grave may be set beside the command of Apollo to Orestes to become the executioner of the wrath of Heaven. These similarities—though they are probably quite accidental—are sufficiently important and specific to bring out in all its marked contrast the opposite feeling with which the two pictures, in their main outlines so similar, have been filled in. Observe, first, that Hamlet is complete in itself. We do not want to investigate the murder of Hamlet's father—unlawful passion is the adequate and declared temptation which has caused his murder; we have not to get behind that motive, or to have its genesis in any other. But the *Eumenides* is a manifest fragment. We begin in the middle, the first start of the play implies a past. Orestes appears flying from the Furies, the shade of his mother arises to quicken their wrath—a curious combination of the resemblance of the play to *Hamlet* with its extreme divergence of spirit. It may be answered that this is a mere question of nomenclature, and that the *Eumenides* should in fact be regarded as the last act of the "House of Atreus" (as a graceful translator has named the whole trilogy). It is true that we must take the "Eumenides" not as a play, but as the last act of a play, and the remarks which follow so treat it; but if we go back to the first act—the return of Agamemnon from the siege of Troy, and his murder by Clytemnestra—the

* A French translator of *Hamlet* (Ducis) puts in the mouth of the Prince what is almost a description of the murder of Clytemnestra, as something from which he recoils.

story still implies and needs a past. Guilty passion is the theme of the *Agamemnon* just as it is of *Hamlet*, but it is not merely by the singular purity of the tragic muse that the reader's attention is directed elsewhere; the guilty lovers have their wrongs to avenge; the daughter of Clytemnestra, the father of Ægisthus, each seem to call from their tombs for vengeance, as Clytemnestra herself does in her turn. We start with a record of sin, the *damnosa hereditas* is there from the start. The vicissitudes of an individual conscience and will are too slender a theme to bear the stress of the poet's genius, he must deal with a larger whole.

Here we have the modern point of view and the ancient in their most distinct contrast. To the Greek, the individual man is a fragment. To concentrate attention on *his* destiny was to shiver the snowy Parian block that the sculptor might have convenient material for carving isolated hands and feet. The ultimate object of all Greek attention was not an individual, but a group. Whereas we conceive the State as a collection of individuals, they conceived the individual as a fragment of the State. Our sympathies seek no larger resting-place than the desires and aspirations of an individual soul, theirs craved some corporate unity of which the individual was a mere member. We are accustomed to recognize this difference on the field of Politics; we feel that the ancient city was a more deeply felt reality than the modern nation, that patriotism was, in classical ages, available at a lower temperature than it is with us. But we do not recognize that the difference is as potent in art and in morals as in politics, that it created a different ideal of individual life,—that it set artistic attention in a different groove. And nothing ought so much to help us to realize this as a comparison of the two great dramatists severally of Greece and of England.

The Greek and the Englishman had something in common beside genius. The roseate glow that comes in the dawn of a nation's life was around them both. Æschylus lived in that brief gleam of splendour between the war which made Greeks discover that Greece was a unity, and the war in which they forgot it. Shakespeare lived in that steady, increasing radiance when England first awoke to feel her power and delight in her freedom. Both were animated by an awakening national life, both sung the glories of their country. But how strikingly the resemblance brings out the difference! We may take Henry V. as a sort of symbol of Shakespeare's pride in England; the hero king shines forth as a type of all that should gather up the loyalty, the patriotism of a subject of Elizabeth; his portrait is painted in Shakespeare's richest hues, and set in his clearest light. The whole play is full of a glowing pride in England, and defiance to her enemies, and this feeling finds its focus in the conqueror of Agincourt; the glory of England is summed up in the glory of an

Englishman. But, when we turn to the play in which the like sense of a nation's triumph bursts forth in the verse of Æschylus—like, but infinitely greater, for even the new sense of freedom, when the black thundercloud of the Armada rolled away, must have been feeble in comparison with the raptures that succeeded Salamis—when we turn to the play in which that rapture of relief is commemorated, we remark with surprise, that while it is filled with the names of Persians, real or invented, Æschylus has studiously avoided the name of a single Greek. That concrete embodiment of national pride, which was indispensable to the Englishman, was abhorrent to the Athenian. He is absorbed by a religious sense of the invisible bond which made his people one, of the Divine power which had fought on their side. "Who is their shepherd and their master?* who leads them to the fight?" asks the mother of Xerxes, and we can imagine what an overpowering thrill of emotion went through the crowd of spectators as they heard the answer given by the humbled foes of Greece, "They are subjects of no man." Loyalty was a feeling which would have roused nothing but dread in an Athenian. The subject of reverence was the city, the invisible would endure no rivalry on the part of the visible. Æschylus was recounting the events in which he had borne a part: and doubtless the honour of the warrior was dearer to him than the honour of the poet. Yet all the more he felt that the interest of the drama of the deliverance of Greece must centre in a throne filled by no visible form. Shakespeare makes the most of Henry V.; Æschlyus does not take cognizance of the very existence of Miltiades or Themistocles.

The different ideals which come out in these two national dramas are visible whenever we contrast the life of the modern and the ancient world. In some sense we are forced to realize this difference whenever we look backwards. We see not merely that the Greek was a different kind of being from the Englishman, but that he was trying to be something different. The ideal state of the wisest Greek would have revolted the practical moral standard of the least virtuous Englishman. Men are separated, not by their ideal of what is good, but by their ideal of what is best; for by the correlation of moral force the whole of life is altered when we alter its hierarchy of reverence. It is of no avail that two men should agree that individual life is sacred, and that membership in a State is sacred, if they differ as to which is to come first. From the ancient point of view goodness was invisible in the individual, the group was the smallest organism in which it could be discerned. Hence all that belonged to individual relation was comparatively uninteresting. The one strong emotion which forms almost the theme of modern art, which every one thinks he can draw from imagination and most people

Persæ, 246.

have known by experience, had a subordinate place on the Athenian stage. The love of man for woman, so far as it ever appears there, is something quite secondary, something more or less to be kept out of sight. In the guilty love of Clytemnestra for Ægisthus there is indeed something pathetic and tender, but it is hardly allowed to appear at all; we are made to feel that she hates her husband much more than that she loves her paramour; the sense of destiny is a much stronger element in the murder than the sense of choice. In the classical ideal man's love for women is almost nothing. In the chivalric idea it is almost everything. In Hamlet we see the chivalric ideal stamped by the individuality of a great original genius. Hamlet thinks, on the tomb of the drowned Ophelia, that he loved her more than twenty thousand brothers. Ah, how like human nature! We seemed to have loved so passionately when we have lost. We *do* so love what is gone out of reach. While Ophelia was living, to be so chilled or warmed by Hamlet's love, he took very little thought of her. Other feelings were not stronger than his love of her, perhaps, but quite as strong, and there were many of them. What a wonderful knowledge of the human heart lies in that combination of the cool lover and the passionate mourner! We know no other delineation of man's love that can be put by its side. An inferior artist would have painted so slight a love as Hamlet's for Ophelia only in the portrait of a slight character. Shakespeare knew that a love may be indestructible, and rooted in a deep nature, and yet in itself may be a small thing; for he knew the heart of man. We fancy that those words are the mere equivalent of the statement that he was a great poet. But we are now comparing Shakespeare with a poet as great as he was, and surely more original, who did not know the heart of man, and did not care to know it. He was not studying the springs of individual character. He cared only for that which was universal.

What Æschylus was studying was not the heart of man, but the mind of God. What is the Power that rules the world? What is the law by which He rules it? How may man approach Him? These were the problems that filled the mind of the poet. Whatever were those lessons which he learnt at Eleusis of the hopes of immortality, we may see that they had deeply impressed him, that in imagination he was constantly piercing the dread barrier of the tomb. Whatever deeply interested him must be supernatural. And the ordinary course of history, in his day, may almost be called supernatural. He had fought at Marathon. He had seen the whole might of Asia shattered on the rock of Greek freedom. He had seen his country defended from arrogant power as by a miracle. Hence in his desire to comprehend the law by which the world was ruled, and which he knew as destiny, there was a profound faith in

ultimate righteousness, though the faith was not wholly dominant, and much that was there also was inconsistent with it. The Mysteries give the key-note to his music; we compare him with Shakespeare to discover difference, for resemblance we must turn to Dante. He saw that quality in sin which to the imagination of Dante created an endless hell, as an inheritance of guilt; or from another point of view, as the passing over of guilt to fate. Surely in this vision he is not less true to reality than Shakespeare is. Who does not know how the errors of life hover to the eyes of memory in some dim region between sin and calamity, and change with the parallax of life's movement from the one position to the other? We never seem to have begun at the beginning! Always there was a past that domineered over our present! And then, at last, we feel that our life is moulded by the lives that have gone before, and thus that the seeming separateness of life is in part delusive. This idea seems to have haunted the Greek mind with a recurrent insistence of perplexity. When the object of attention changed from the group to the individual, that which lies at the very core of the individual life—the will—came into a new distinctness. A new interest in human character is a new belief in human will, and we recover the old point of view only with a certain effort. We imagine that will is denied where it is hardly conceived. Till each man became a whole in himself Will was only dimly conceived as a moving force in human affairs: that law of moral evolution which they knew as *Fate* was a much more distinct element in human experience. Hence Guilt was something different to them and to us, and throughout all their grandest poetry they seem always seeking to answer the problem of what it really meant. Orestes is vindicated by Apollo, but the Furies have much to say for themselves. We do not feel that the last word rests either with the God of Day or the Daughters of Night. The Goddess of Wisdom harmonizes both views. But though there is balance here, there is no variety. The drama, and all his dramas, is full of a sombre, awful monotony. Divine Law leaves no room for human character.

Turn to the other side of the contrast and mark the change. What a wondrous gallery of rainbow-hued variety rises up before the mind's eye at the name of Shakespeare. When we make his name into an epithet we give a picturesque synonym for *various*. No one type of character, feeling, or belief occurs as *Shakespearian*; the word suggests what is vivid and many-sided, and nothing else. This efflorescence of a wealth of various beauty for all the ages chronicles the first awakening of modern Europe to the sanctities, the interests, the ideals of individual life. It is an expression, on the field of art, of the spirit which on the field of theology gave us the Reformation, setting the human spirit face to face with the

Divine, and bidding it trust to no intervening entity—no external citizenship in the City of God—but as the sole creature alone with the Creator learn what mystic channels are opened between the finite and the infinite within the "abysmal depths of Personality." It would not appear that Shakespeare had any special sympathy with the Reformation, it would even seem that so far as any religion had a hold upon his mind it was that of the ancient Church. At least, he, addressing the England of Elizabeth, the England which was ready to fight against all that was involved, for the men of that time, in the doctrine of Purgatory, makes a spirit from beyond the grave announce that he is

> Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
> And for the day, condemned to fast in fires
> Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
> Are burnt and purged away.

But however little of a Protestant was Shakespeare the poet, his was the artistic expression of the same spirit that made Protestantism. The City had passed away, and for a thousand years the Church had taken her place. Now the Church, too, was called upon to yield, and the *home* was lighted up with a new life. Man was interesting not only as the member of the State, called upon to serve her with his life or his counsels; not only as a son of the Church, called upon to partake in her rites and submit to her decisions, but as a son, a father, a lover, a husband—as a *man*. As a learned bishop was describing the earth as a *new star;* as men were learning to regard this dark centre of the universe as a radiant wanderer in the heavens, so human life was clothing itself in a new brightness, and taking its place in that clear, open realm of Nature to the study of which the intellectual world was awakening with a passionate activity. And the expression of this truly named Renaissance, in the world of Art, may be summed up in the name of Shakespeare.

If Shakespeare be the best representative of this new spirit, *Hamlet* may be taken as its best specimen among his works. It is perhaps the most various of Shakespeare's plays. A little biographical incident gives us a double reason for claiming it as the most Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's only son was named Hamlet (or Hamnet—only a varied form of the same name). Nine years he experienced the wonderful fortune of having for a parent one who, if his works express his nature, must have been the most sympathetic of mankind, and then he went elsewhere and left, perhaps, a terrible spasm of longing in the heart of the poet for ever associated with a play consecrated to the love of a lost father. This surely is the dormant feeling in the play. Hamlet is much besides —the friend of Horatio, the lover of Ophelia, the patron of the theatre, the heir expectant of the kingdom. Something individual, something characteristic, comes out in all these characters. But he

is above all a son. What a profound filial tribute is there in his correction of the courtly eulogy of Horatio: "He was a goodly king." "He was a *man*." We fancy a double emphasis there. "He was a *man*, what matter whether he dwelt in a palace or a cottage?" "*He* was a man, unlike me his wretched irresolute son." The self-scorn marks, perhaps, the furthest point of Shakespeare from Æschylus. The elder self is too simple, too small to leave any space for any conflict of opposing principles. Between the two poets *Self* has taken a development which makes room for a dualism within, such as was undreamt of in the ancient world. There is none of that swerving—none of that sudden glimpse of the self from some mysterious point that seems at once beyond and within it, of which we have some examples from every modern writer who paints the heart, and so many in Shakespeare. Here the moral attitudes are entirely monotonous. The Æschylean version of the theme of Hamlet unfolds the problem of inherited guilt, and never turns aside to mark a single trait of individual character. There is a certain grandeur in Clytemnestra and weakness in Ægisthus, but we cannot say that Orestes bears the mark of any quality whatever, good or bad. There seems a sort of curious carelessness in all that relates to him, except so far as he is the engine of Heaven's wrath to the guilty queen. For instance, how impatient must the poet have been of all that paints individuality when he lights upon the trivial and impossible test by which Electra assures herself of the presence of her brother after his long banishment. She sees a footprint near the altar, she puts her own foot into it, and discovering that the mark just fits her, she comes to the conclusion that her brother is near. So her foot must have been just the size of a full-grown man's, for the deeds of Orestes attest that he could not have been less than full-grown. The incident, it may be said, is not the work of a more careless imagination than that which describes two duellists exchanging their weapons unawares. No, but the carelessness of Shakespeare is the mere indifference to a particular kind of probability which has nothing to do with human relations, and the carelessness of Æschylus is a want of interest in human relations. No one who realized the anxiety of a sister to know that a long-lost brother was near could imagine her drawing any inferences from the probability that their feet should be the same size.* But the meeting of the brother and sister demanded a kind of attention which the poet was not prepared to supply. It is not the characters of Orestes, of Ægisthus, of Agamemnon which interested him; his creations, if they are to be impressive, must be

* The device impressed even the contemporaries of Æschylus as somewhat absurd, and Euripides wrote one scene as an elaborate caricature of it (*Electra*, 511-540). It is curious as almost the only specimen of parody in Greek art.

colossal. All the swaying of various impulse than occupies the play of "Hamlet" is by him condensed into a few lines where Orestes tells how the oracles of Apollo have denounced the most awful curses against him if he leave his father's death unavenged, and again in the one line where, for a moment shaken by the entreaties of his mother, he asks Pylades if he shall

Through filial reverence spare a mother's life.*

This ideal conflict, which we know on the page of Shakespeare in association with all that is most human, most vividly imbued with personal idiosyncrasy, is set forth, in the Greek drama, in its purely abstract form. It appears not as a double consciousness, but as a changing Deity. The Furies absorb all interest to themselves; they are the embodied conscience, but also they might seem, from some points of view, the Greek equivalent to Satan. They are "daughters of night," they enter into conflict with the god of day, who shelters from them the object of their pursuit, banishes them from his temple with fierce invective, and forces them to surrender their victim to his protection. We are reminded of Satan by them more than by any other representation known to classic thought—sometimes even of the vulgar Satan with horns and hoofs, of Mephistopheles clamorous for his prey, for they aspire horror by their mere aspect, and their haunting presence is the worst torment they can inflict on their victim. And then, again, even in their more spiritual aspect, they take the same place as Satan, when he appears among the sons of God to bear witness against Job, or when he revealed himself to the Saviour as seeking to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. But we know these goddesses *both* as the Furies and the Gracious Ones; and it is surely an error to suppose that the latter expression is a mere euphemism, as we call a person "well-meaning" whom we find intolerable, or as they called the Black Sea "the hospitable." One felt at Cambridge that if such a thing had been possible, and not too suggestive of Harlequin or Pantaloon, there should have been some sort of transformation in the scene in which they become reconciled to the Goddess of Wisdom—that some hideous mask should have been laid aside, something that expressed a total change of aspect, and recalled the lines,

Stern Lawgiver!
Yet thou dost bear the Godhead's most benignant grace.

The Goddess of Wisdom appeases the pitiless beings, she even induces them to keep up their abode in the city which has dared to shelter from them their victim. The daughters of night are to have a place in the elect city, the nightingales are to fill their grove with music, and though here the passer-by may not set foot without impiety,†

* *Eumenides* 899. † See the *Œdipus at Colonos* of Sophocles.

yet no Greek landscape is associated with images more remote from horror, nor is any Greek poetry fuller of solemn beauty than her vindication of the claim to reverence of that severe influence which to the bright Sun-god is visible only as hopeless remorse. The city which makes no room for this influence, which pays no homage to a righteous severity, misses, she declares, half of that which makes life blessed. To the light and lively Greek the sense of sin was almost as repugnant as sin itself, the two were often confused; Apollo, in face of the Furies, seems to express the spirit of art in face of the spirit of holiness—the bright pleasure-loving genius denouncing the stern voice that does but give expression to the conscience. But the Goddess of Wisdom shows us that even for the Greek this was not the ultimate truth. She gives a warning to all time—perhaps more especially for all times—when she bids the Athenians remember,* in words which we give, as they recall in their rhythm Wordsworth's well-known lines to Duty, and which in their feeling and moral truly sum up the spirit of the whole drama—

Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,
Glared anger upon you of old,
Oh citizens, ye now shall earn
A recompense right manifold.
Deck them aright, extol them high,
Be loyal to their loyalty;
And ye shall make their town and land
Sure, propped on Justice' saving hand
And Fame's eternity.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

*_Eumenides_, 1005–1013, Morshead's Translation.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VIII. EDWARD CAPELL.

Edward Capell was born at Troston, near Bury, in Suffolk, England, June 11, 1713. He was educated at a school in St. Edmund's Bury. His father was a clergyman, and both this gentleman and Capell's grandfather were friends of the Duke of Grafton.

The petails concerning his life which have been preserved are very meagre, and not very trustworthy, but he appears to have finished his education at college, though it is not known which one he attended. He knew David Garrick quite well at one time, but afterwards quarrelled with him. He read law, and was called to the bar.

Through the influence of the Duke of Grafton he was subsequently appointed Deputy Inspector of Plays, an office which was created by Act of Parliament in 1736, having for its object the inspection and license of all dramatic compositions before they were allowed to be acted. This position brought him £200 per annum, and, together with the post of Groom of the Privy Chamber (which he also held through his friendship with the Duke of Grafton, who was Lord Chamberlain from 1742 to 1757,) made his income from official sources about £300.

His father was a younger brother, and subsequently was heir to his elder brother, whereby he became the possessor of a considerable estate, which descended to Edward Capell. The latter built a house at Hastings which cost him £5000, although when it was sold after his death it only realized £1300. Here he lived from May until October of every year. He had few friends and passed his time in study. It is related of him that on one occasion when a friend called to see him he requested him to leave his cane in the vestibule for fear of its soiling the carpets! No one dared to stir his fire, snuff his candles, or move the smallest thing in his rooms on pain of his displeasure.

While in London he lived in Essex Court, and his first published work seems to have been an edition of *Antony and Cleopatra* which appeared in 1758, in 16mo. The title-page is as follows: "Antony and Cleopatra; an historical Play, written by William Shakespeare: fitted for the Stage by abridging only; and now acted, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, by his Majesty's Servants. No grave upon the earth shall clip in it a pair so famous: p. 99. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand. MDCLVIII." In appearance it much resembles Capell's edition of the poet's works, and it has been erroneously supposed that it was published as a specimen of that edi-

tion. This is a mistake however, as it is merely an abridgment of the play for acting purposes. David Garrick supplied the abridgment, and Capell edited the text, though neither of their names are on the title-page, or in fact in any part of the book. There is a poetical dedication signed "Ignoto," and a list of conjectural readings.

Two years afterwards he published in 16 mo: "*Prolusions*; or, select Pieces of antient Poetry, — compil'd with great Care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of worthy Authors, — in three Parts; containing, I. The notbrowne Mayde; Master Sacksville's Induction; and, Overbury's Wife: II. Edward the third, a Play, thought to be writ by Shakespeare: III. Those excellent didactic Poems, intitl'd — Nosce teipsum, written by Sir John Davis: with a Preface. Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebat? Barbarus has fegetes? Virg. Ecl. I. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand. 1760." Both in this work and in his edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*, above referred to, Capell displayed his love for well-printed books, which was afterwards confirmed by his edition of Shakespeare. In typographical appearance they are models of neatness, and the paper on which they were printed is of excellent quality for the time when they appeared. At the end of each he gives a list of the editions he consulted in their preparation, and lists of various and conjectural readings.

Capell accumulated a very valuable library, containing many of the Quarto editions of Shakespeare, which are now literally worth far more than their weight in gold, besides many works of old English literature which he made excellent use of, and which will be referred to further on. His books and MSS. were left by his will to Trinity College, England, and form part of that valuable collection, which afforded such great help to the editors of the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare.

He died January 24, 1781, and was buried at Farnham, All Saints, Suffolk.

As far back as 1745 he commended the preparation of his edition of Shakespeare, and it is related of him that he copied all of the poet's plays in his own handwriting no less than ten times! In September, 1760, Volume II of his edition was sent to press, and was followed by Volumes VIII, IV, IX, I, VI, and VII, in the order given; and the latter volume was completed in August, 1765. It is not known when Volumes I, III, and V were printed, as none of these volumes are dated, and Capell only mentions the time that the former ones were printed. At the end of volume X, however, the date 1768 is given. It will be noticed that this singular man, who apparently could do nothing in the same manner as other people, followed no system in the sequence of the printing of his volumes: for certainly the usual manner would have been to have had Volume III printed after Volume II,

and to have followed regularly to the end. As before stated, none of the title pages of the volumes bear any date, but it is believed that the whole work was published during 1767 and 1768, and Capell received three hundred pounds for it. The book appeared in ten volumes duodecimo, very neatly printed on paper that was good for that day. The first title-page of Volume I is as follows: "Mr William Shakespeare his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, set out by himself in quarto, or by his Players, his Fellows in folio, and now faithfully republish'd from those Editions in ten Volumes octavo; with an Introduction: Whereunto will be added, in some other Volumes, Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Body of Various Readings entire. Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnies Prœstinxit, stellas exortus uti æthereus Sol. Lucr. Lib. 3. l. 1056. London: Printed by Dryden Leach, for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand." There is also a second title page in Volume I, after the introductory matter which reads thus: The Works of Shakespeare, Volume the first; containing *The Tempest, The two Gentlemen of Verona, The merry Wives of Windsor.* London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand." Similar title pages, with the names of the plays that are contained in each volume, are in all of them, but only in the first volume does the title page first given above appear. There is no portrait in the usual place opposite the title page, Capell could not do anything so like ordinary mortals' practice, so he relegated the poet's picture to the end of the Introduction, p. 74, where there is given a wretched vignette copy of the Chandos portrait, by I. Miller.

The work is dedicated to the Duke of Grafton, and the dedication is dated "Essex Court, in the Temple, Nov. 9, 1767," and signed "Edward Capell." Nowhere else does his name appear in the book. The introduction follows, and consists of seventy-four closely printed pages. In this Capell first discusses the Quarto editions, their merits and defects, the First Folio, and the editors who preceded him: Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Capell discriminates well between those Quartos which "have much resemblance to those in the folio" and those which were "first drafts or else imperfect and stolen copies." He says: —

> Let it then be granted, that these quarto's are the Poet's own copies, however they were come by; hastily written first, and issuing from presses most of them as corrupt and licentious as can any where be produc'd, and not overseen by himself, nor by any of his friends: And there can be no stronger reason for subscribing to any opinion, than may be drawn in favour of this from the condition of all the other plays that were first printed in the folio: for, in method of publication, they have the greatest likeness possible to those which preceded them, and carry all the same marks of haste and negligence; yet the genuineness of the latter is attested by those who publish'd them, and no proof brought to invalidate their testimony. If it be still ask'd, what then becomes of the accusation brought against the quarto's by the player editors, the answer is not so far off as may perhaps be expected: It may be true that they were 'stolen;' but stolen from the Author's

copies, by transcribers who found means to get at them: and 'maim'd' they must needs be, in respect of their many alterations after the first performance: And who knows, if the difference that is betwen them, in some of the plays that are common to them both, has not been studiously heighten'd by the player editors, — who had the means in their power, being masters of all the alterations — to give at once a greater currency to their own lame edition, and support the charge which they bring against the quarto's? this, at least, is a probable opinion, and no bad way of accounting for those differences.

The above passage is printed *verbatim* from Capell's "Introduction," and is a fair specimen of his style and punctuation at its best. It was turgid in the extreme, and it is often necessary to read his sentences two or three times to fully understand what he means. Dr. Johnson said of him: "If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words, for as it is he doth gabble monstrously." W. N. Lettsom says: "His style may be fairly described by parodying Johnson's panegyric on Addison. Whoever wishes to attain an English style uncouth without simplicity, obscure without conciseness, and slovenly without ease, must give his nights and days to the Notes of Capell."

With all his defects of style, however, Capell had a better idea of the proper duties of an editor of Shakespeare's text than any of his predecessors. After referring to the license of those who had already published editions of the poet, he says:

Which when he had perus'd with no little astonishment, and consider'd the fatal consequences that must inevitably follow the imitation of so much license, he resolv'd himself to be the champion; and to exert to the uttermost such abilities as he was master of, to save from ruin an edifice of this dignity, which England must forever glory in. Hereupon he posse'd himself of the other modern editions, the folio's, and as many quarto's as could presently be procur'd; and, within a few years after, fortune aud industry help'd him to all the rest, six only excepted; adding to them withal twelve more, which the compilers of former tables had no knowledge of. Thus furnish'd, he fell immediately to collation, — which is the first step in works of this nature; and without it nothing is done to purpose, — first of moderns with moderns, then of moderns with ancients, and afterwards of ancients with others more ancient: 'till, at the last, a ray of light broke forth upon him, by which he hop'd to find his way through the wilderness of these editons into that fair country the Poet's real habitation. He had not proceeded far in his collation, before he saw cause to come to this resolution; — to stick invariably to the old editions, (that is, the best of them) which hold now the place of manuscripts, no scrap of the Author's writing having the luck to come down to us; and never to depart from them, but in cases where reason, and the uniform practice of men of the greatest note in this art, tell him — they may be quitted; nor yet in those, without notice.

He further tells us that it was his original intention to have given the names of the authors of the emendations he adopted in his text on the same page, but he changed his mind as to this and did not do so, principally because "their number, in some passages makes them a little unsightly; and the editor professes himself weak enough to like a well-printed book." He does, however, give some various readings at the bottom of the page. His own emendations, which he printed in his text, are in black letter to distinguish them.

At the end of his introduction he gives the origin of the plots of the plays; and following these are printed several commendatory poems. Then comes a list of the Quarto editions used by him, which is wonderfully complete, only a few being wanting. This is followed by a list of plays ascribed to Shakespeare, a list of the Folios, and of editions of the poems.

Each play has a separate pagination, and they are arranged in the order of the First Folio. Capell used many curious marks of punctuation. In the preface to his *Prolusions*, above referred to, he gives an explanation of them. Those passages which are ironical he marked with an inverted period. The dash he used in a new form. When it was on a line with the top of letters it had its usual meaning, but when it was at the bottom it pointed out that the speech passed from one person to another, and denoted a change of address. He put it where the change began, and where it ended. A dagger with two crosses meant that the speaker pointed to, or delivered some object, double inverted commas denoted that the speech was an "aside."

Capell's text was the purest that had then appeared, because he founded it on a careful collation of the old copies. He gave the place of each scene more minutely than Pope, and added to the stage directions. Throughout the volumes, at the bottom of the pages, will often be found the words "v. *Note.*" Reference is intended to his *Notes and Various Readings of Shakespeare*, published in three volumes quarto, in 1779, 1780 and 1781. This work was published in part in 1774, during the author's lifetime, but only a few copies were sold, and the book was withdrawn, to be published later with the other volumes as above stated. Capell by his will directed that the expense of printing them should be borne by his estate, and they appeared after his death. They contain a wealth of illustration of the poet's works, which has been freely used by subsequent editors without giving Capell the credit which was his due.

Volume I. contains a Glossary, excellent for its day; and is followed by Notes and Various Readings. These refer to the volume and page of his edition containing the play commented on, and are written in the same turgid style as the Introduction to his *Shakespeare*. They are printed in parallel columns, and the words are divided wherever the printer came to the end of a line, without the least regard to syllables. The same thing had been done in the Introduction to his edition, but there the type is smaller and the lines longer, and hence it is not as frequent or as exasperating. O-thers, o-dious, apothe-gms, thr-ough, be-auty, pr-oceed, gr-ound, pl-ease, sou-rce, opi-nion, strang-ers, are a few of these curious divisions, of which, Dr. Furness aptly remarks, "it is really humiliating, after the drollery has worn off, to find how serious is the annoyance which so trifling a matter can create." "And yet," to quote still further Dr. Furness' opinion of these notes "in spite of all this, Capell's notes are worthy

of all respect. He had good sense, and his opinions (when we can make them out) are never to be lightly discarded.

The notes are divided into "parts," and at the end of each part are given very complete lists of various readings. Had Capell given these at the bottom of the pages of his edition of the poet, he would have added greatly to its value, and would have been entitled to the honor which fell to Jennens, who first adopted this plan.

After his notes on the plays, Capell prints a very brief note on their order; and an essay on the verse, which is very elaborate. Volume III is entitled "The School of Shakespeare," and contains extracts from books in print during the poet's time, and illustrating the source of the plots of his plays. Extracts are given also from other books which "contribute to a due Understanding of his Writings, or give Light to the History of his Life, or to the dramatic history of his Time," to use the quaint phraseology of its title-page. This volume showed the way to the editors who came after Capell, by which they profited, and drew from the books he called attention to, much of the most valuable illustration of the part to be found in their editions. It is safe to say that this is the most valuable volume of commentary which had been up to that time published in illustration of Shakespeare. Capell has reared a monument in this volume to his learning and knowledge of Elizabethan literature which will never perish. Unfortunately the work is now rare, and seldom met with. Poor Capell went to his grave unappreciated by men of his day, but later generations have made amends for the neglect of his contemporaries. Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, who has himself done more than any living man to illustrate the poet he loves so well, dedicated his great folio edition of Shakespeare to Capell, in these words: "I venture, with all humility, to dedicate this work to the memory of the ablest and the most neglected of Shakespearian critics—Edward Capell." And, in imitation of the queer, though learned man he was honoring, Dr. Halliwell-Phillips printed his dedication at the end of the last volume of his edition.

Capell did not give the Poems in his edition, and it is very singular that he omitted them. He had the example of all those editors who had gone before him however. In 1775 an edition of them, founded on that of 1640, was published. It is printed very much in the same style of Capell's *Shakespeare*, and is often found with it. The title-page reads. "Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare. Reprinted for Thomas Evans, No. 50, Strand, near York Building." An engraving of the Chandos portrait, by A. Bannerman, is in the centre. It is not known who edited this book, but it has been attributed to Capell. This however is probably an error, for had he been the editor, he would, in all probability, have used the edition of 1609, which is far preferable to that of 1640. J. Parker Norris.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

The death of Henry Norman Hudson at his home in Cambridgeport, Mass., on January 17th, removes one of the most conspicuous workers in Shakespeare literature. His studies of the poet began almost in his boyhood, and the subject very soon absorbed all the powers of his mind. His earliest work was a series of critical lectures, delivered first in Huntsville, Ala., where he was for some time teaching, and subsequently, in Mobile and Cincinnati. In 1844, with a reputation that was already assured, he went to Boston, where he was cordially received, and was so successful that he repeated his lectures in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. These lectures form the basis of Mr. Hudson's fame. They were published in book form in 1848 and again, although entirely recast with numerous changes and additions, and with a new title, *Shakespeare : His Life, Art and Characters*, in 1872. Had Mr. Hudson accomplished no other work than these lectures he would be entitled to a high rank among the students of Shakespeare. They exhibited a wonderful power of thought, and a clearer insight into the character of Shakespeare than had been previously obtained by any American writer. They are without doubt, the writings by which he will be longest and best remembered.

But while his best work has been done as an esthetic critic, Mr. Hudson's reputation as an editor is well known. His first edition of the plays issued in 1851 was not, however, successful. Much of the editorial matter was compiled, and, at the time, created much unfavorable comment. His last edition, the Harvard, brought out in 1880 and 1881 in twenty volumes, was entirely free from the faults of the earliest one, and will long remain one of the most reliable and best. He also issued two School editions ; one of twenty-one plays in three volumes in 1870, and the second a few years later, of the same number of plays in separate volumes. The text was expurgated, so thoroughly, in truth, as to be open to many serious objections.

While Mr. Hudson's chief labors were in Shakespearian literature, he found time to do much good work in other directions. He was the editor of several journals, notably the *Churchman*, the *Church Monthly*, which he originated, and the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. In his later years he turned his attention to Wordsworth, and his *Studies in Wordsworth*, issued last year, was his last book. He had also published *A Text Book of Poetry*, *A Text Book of Prose*, a *Classical English Reader*—all with valuable though brief notes,—and a volume of sermons.

Mr. Hudson was essentially an educator. His most important works were designed as educational forces, and they fulfill the intentions of their author to a degree that he could not have anticipated. He was a powerful and original thinker, and his style was clear and distinct. He was, perhaps, too positive, too certain that his view was the only one, but his faults as an editor and an author were such as can be readily overlooked.

Mr. Hudson's death reduces the number of Shakespearian workers in this country to an alarming extent. With Grant White and Henry Hudson dead in one year, the coterie of American scholars is reduced to the narrowest limit. It will be long before their places will be filled, but at the same time there is little call for new editorial work.

MACBETH.

No pit of sulphur, ever-burning lake,
Tartarean shadows of that dismal shore
To which sin-poisoned souls are ferried o'er.
Painting or poem, bid such fears awake,
As those that thy despairing bosom shake,
Sinful Macbeth, when thou cans't sleep no more,
Nor cleanse thy hands of murdered Duncan's gore.
Thy keenest tortures fiercest anguish take
Out of thy awful visions. Masterly
The poet's touch that makes thy heart, its store
Of guilt and punishment tell, a frightful roll,
Temptations, sins, fears, suffering, misery;
That thus of superstition makes a door
Of hell, through which it drives thy guilty soul.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

HAMLET, I, 1, 96.

Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat: in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him —
Did slay this Fortinbras; *etc.*

Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of *unimproved* mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't.

I would suggest that "*unimproved*," here, = untried, never put to the proof. Compare Chapman, Iliad, (VI, 484), —

That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe breath
Did never teach me that; much less since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without *improvement*. In this fire must Hector's *trial* shine.

Dyce, *Gloss*, gives (after Gifford) *unimproved* = "unreproved, uncensured, unimpeached." But Horatio is not praising the hasty temper and rash valor of either the elder or younger Fortinbras: the former failed in the *trial*, the latter is yet *untried*. There is authority for the meaning *unreproved* in Chapman, Iliad, (X, 108). —

Good father, said the king, sometimes you know I have desir'd
You would *improve* his negligence, too oft to ease retir'd.

Nares (ed. 1876) gives this, and two other examples.

It is well known that Shakespeare uses reproof = confutation, refutation, as *1 Henry. IV* (I, ii, 213), — "in the *reproof* of this lies the jest." *Ib.* (III, ii, 23), — in *reproof* of many tales devised." Schmidt, (*S. Lex.*), and others, so explain *Troilus and Cressida*, (I, iii, 33), —

In the *reproof of chance*
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, etc.

Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In *storms of fortune*.

"Reproof of chance" = "storms of fortune:" *reproof* is used in the sense of correction, chastisement, as in *Timon* (V, iv, 57), —

> Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
> Whom you yourselves shall set out for *reproof*,
> Fall, and no more,

used *reproof*, here, = *rebuke* in *1 Henry IV*, (V, v, 1), —

> Thus ever did rebellion find *rebuke*.

No doubt those that concur with Dr. Schmidt would urge the context,

> For in her [fortunes] ray and brightness
> The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
> Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the tines of knotted oaks,
> And flies flee under shade, why, thou the king of courage,
> As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
> And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
> *Retorts* [Retyres *folio*] to *chiding fortune*.

but it does not affect the question except so far that "chiding fortune" = the reproof of Chance." Compare *Coriolanus* (IV, i, 8),

> Nay, mother,
> Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
> To say *extremity was the trier of spirits:*
> That, common chances common men could bear;
> That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
> Show'd masterishiip in floating fortune's blows,
> When most stuck home, being gentle *welcom'd*, craves
> A noble cunning.

For the reading "welcom'd" see *Cruces S.*, and compare *Antony and Cleopatra* (IV, xiv, 136), —

> Nay, good my fellows, do not please *sharp fate*
> To grace it with your sorrow: bid that *welcome*
> Which comes to punish us.

compare also *Hamlet* (III, ii, 72),

> A man that *fortune's buffets and rewards*
> Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger
> To sound what stop she please.

and *Timon*, (IV, iii, 8), —

> Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
> Whose procreation, residence, and birth
> Scarce is dividant — *touch them with several fortunes*,
> The greater scorns the lesser: not *nature*,
> To whom all sores lay siege, *can bear great fortune*,
> But by contempt of *nature*.

LONDON. B. G. KINNEAR.

THE DRAMA.

January has been a dull month, a month of endings, rather than of beginnings. Mr. Keene has been compelled by illness to retire, for the balance of this season at least—it is to be trusted no longer. Miss Margaret Mather concluded her very remarkable and successful performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is true we have Edwin Booth and Salvini and Modjeska and Mary Anderson and Jaunauschek and Lawrence Barrett and W. E. Sheridan and Fred. Warde and Robson & Crane and Adelaide Moore and Louise Pomeroy and D. E. Bandmann and Geo. C. Miln. But not a few of these names could be dropped from the roll of Shakespearian actors with little regret and less note being taken of their departure. It is not so with Miss Mather and Mr. Keene. Miss Mather's success as Juliet has been too great to permit her to drop the part without notice, and it is only because her success in other characters has shown her genius in new lights that one feels reconciled to her assuming them. Mr. Keene's retirement is to be regretted, not only from its cause, but on account of the excellent work he is doing in the west. His rank as an actor has been too often referred to in these pages to be discussed further at the present time; but whatever opinion may be held as to his natural abilities, it can not be denied that he has done more to popularize Shakespeare in the smaller cities of the west, among an audience that has frequently deen denied our best actors, than has any actor now on the stage. His retirement means just about thirty performances of Shakespeare less, per month, than we have had hitherto, and when the total number of performances for any one month this season has not exceeded one hundred and fifty, and has frequently averaged a hundred, it will be at once seen how serious a loss Mr. Keene's is.

But the month has been distinguished by two additions to the Shakespearian circle. It is true one of them is an opera company, and the opera they sing was not written by Shakespeare. But it is based upon one of Shakespeare's plays, and as such is entitled to the attention of every Shakespearian student, if for no other reason than to see how very easy it is to mar the work of the great poet. And, indeed, there is scarce another reason for witnessing this opera. It is devoid of musical interest, it is not particularly well sung. Mr. Thomas has not shown himself equal to conducting opera, and, actually, there is no reason why one should see it but to see how unsatisfactory it is. The same remarks will, happily, not apply to Mr. Augustin Daly's revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Daly has exercised more than his accustomed care in this revival, and while for the first few nights the hitches were sufficiently plentiful to be annoying, a few public performances were sufficient to set the company at their ease, and the result will be remembered as one of the pleasantest revi-

vals of the season. All has not gone as smoothly as it might have. The Falstaff has not been all that could be desired, and several of the other parts are open to criticism, but the company is a fairly even one, and is entitled to much praise.

The Dramatic Chronicle for December shows that *Romeo and Juliet* has been the most popular play, having been given twenty-five times; *The Comedy of Errors* has been performed continuously. *As You Like It* has been given twenty times, *Hamlet* eleven, *Richard III* ten times, *Coriolanus* and *Macbeth* nine times each, *Twelfth Night*, *Othello*, and *Merchant of Venice* six each, and *Julius Cæsar*, *King Lear*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Much Ado About Nothing* once.

Miss Mather and Messrs. Robson & Crane lead the actors, having performed without intermission throughout the month. Mr. Keene gave twenty-two performances, Miss Anderson and Salvini twelve each, Modjeska seven, Adelaide Moore six, Geo. C. Miln five, Jaunauschek three, Fred. Warde, W. E. Sheridan and Lawrence Barrett two each, and Helen Bancroft and the Claire Scott Co. one each. There were three amateur performances, one of the *Merry Wives* by the Kemble Dramatic Club of Brooklyn, and two of the *Merchant of Venice* by the students of St. Peter's College at St. Aloysius' Academy, Jersey City. In addition there have been the customary performances of D. E. Bandman and Louis Pomeroy.

* * *

The production of Goetz's opera *The Taming of the Shrew* by the American Opera Company on January 4th, was the most important event of the month. The American Opera Company has been the subject of innumerable conjectures and its opening performance was anticipated with the greatest interest. It has been, on the whole, decidedly disappointing. Not only is the title "American" a misnomer, but the artistic results have fallen much below the anticipated average. The production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, however, for the first time in this country, by any company, American or foreign, calls for more than passing notice, be the artistic effects good or bad. The selection of the opera was ill-judged. It has never been a success, even when produced by Carl Rosa with a superb cast in London. Musically, it is stupid. The melodies are few and chiefly borrowed, while the orchestration is monotonous. Nor is the libretto more successful. The book is, in brief, arranged as follows: The opening scene is a street in Padua, in front of Baptista's house. Lucentio and Hortensio serenade Bianca, the sister of Katharine, but are interrupted by the servants of Baptista, who, to the number of eighty, announce their intention of leaving the house owing to the insults and abuse of Katharine. The father, however, entices them back with promises of wine and money, and they are soon singing a chorus invoking blessings on the old house. Lucentio then renews his serenade and is re-

warded by Bianca appearing on the balcony. He is followed by Hortensio, who brings a band with him, and succeeds in arousing the father, who informs the lover that Bianca shall never wed until her sister be subdued. Petruchio arriving opportunely, announces his intention of accomplishing this great feat. In the second act Katharine upbraids her sister for appropriating her lover, and resolves to live unmarried. This commendable resolution is broken by the arrival of Petruchio with her father, who, gaining the advantage of her in a wrestling match, reiterates his resolve to wed her. In the third act all are prepared for the marriage, but, the bridegroom not appearing, the father announces the postponement of the ceremony. A lesson scene succeeds, but is interrupted by the arrival of Petruchio, who behaves outrageously, marries his intended, announces his intention of leaving, leaps from the floor to the table, and from the table to his horse, and seizing Katharine disappears from view amid great uproar. The fourth act is in the home of the newly married pair and depicts the subjugation of Katharine.

The singers were very uneven. Miss Bensberg, as Bianca, was fairly acceptable, although her style was unfinished. Mr. Fessenden as Lucentio, Mr. Lee as Petruchio, and Mr. Hamilton as Baptista were thoroughly unsatisfactory. The scenery was tolerable and the dresses good, and the ballet perfectly satisfactory.

* * *

A burlesque of Salvini's Othello at the Eleventh Street Opera House was the solitary reminiscence of Shakespeare after the departure of Robson & Crane in Philadelphia until the great Italian's second appearance here in December. The feature of Salvini's second season was his Coriolanus. It attracted much attention, but was much the same as when first given in New York. The oftener one sees this interpretation, grand and everwhelming as it is, almost faultlessly consistent in its methods, the more one feels that the Coriolanus of Shakespeare and the Coriolanus of Salvini are two very different creations. The bitter, cutting sarcasm of the Italian actor has nothing in common with the high-born, patrician contempt of Shakespeare's Roman general. But this does not in the least detract from the strength and power of Salvini's acting, and the character will long be regarded as one of his most powerful parts. Mr. Lawrence Barrett followed Salvini. As usual the non-Shakespearian plays predominated over the Shakespearian, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Hamlet*, and *Julius Cæsar* having been given but once each in a season of two weeks. The revival of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* formed the central feature of Mr. Barrett's season, and his other performances, most unreasonably, fell much into the background in consequence. The evenness with which his plays were mounted, and the parts played call for special comment, and in this respect Mr. Barrett's company is, with the exception of Robson & Crane's, the most satisfactory in the country.

Miss Anderson followed Mr. Barrett and had a phenominally brilliant season. It is true she played for but two weeks, but the estimates of the amount of money she cleared have been absolutely startling. Unfortunately, financial and artistic success are not always synonymous. And while financially Miss Anderson's success was great, the artistic element is altogether a very different matter. The crowds that visited the theatre night after night were attracted not by the art of the actress, but by her beauty, and the story of her brilliant and astonishing success in England. Her acting was disappointing, her art incomplete. Her position is one of the most curious inconsistencies of the stage, for with a reputation well-nigh world-wide, as an actress, she is one whom few find absolutely satisfying. But however much she may be criticised, there is one thing of which even her severest critic must feel certain, that with a few years' careful, unprejudiced, and hard study, keeping carefully within her natural limitations, Miss Anderson will be ranked as the greatest of American actresses.

* * *

Mr. Mackee Rankin has followed his revival of *Macbeth* by a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, and with fair success. The play is, indeed, more a poem than a drama, and presents many difficulties to proper representation on the stage. Mr. Rankin has displayed much skill in overcoming its inherent drawback, so much so, in fact, that the scenes with the fairy folk are much more successful, much more interesting that those in which only ordinary mortals appear upon the stage. This is, of course, readily accounted for by too much attention having been paid to what is, without doubt, the most difficult part of the play. Yet Mr. Rankin should not have allowed himself to have fallen into the snare which has betrayed so many American actors, and from which we are now only beginning to be freed, the inequality of cast. So much has been done within the last two years in the equalising of cast, that the smallest step backwards cannot be too sharply reprimanded. However, Mr. Rankin deserves much credit for the energy he has displayed in his present undertaking. Mendelssohn's immortal music was fairly well rendered by the orchestra, and some incidental music by Mr. Kelley added much to the interest of the revival.

* * *

The sudden illness of Mr. Thomas W. Keene has called forth universal sympathy. Nor could it have been otherwise. Mr. Keene is one of the most popular actors of the day, and his sudden, and as was first feared, fatal illness, in the midst of a successful season, has overwhelmed him with the kindnesses of innumerable friends. The complete rest which he is now taking, will probably before long restore him to renewed health, but his enforced absence from the stage will be viewed with unfeigned regret. There are so few American

actors who may be styled, in the fullest sense, Shakespearian that we can ill afford to lose any of them. And Mr. Keene holds too important a rank on the American stage to be permitted to disappear without any more that a passing word.

* * *

Mr. John Coleman contributes a gossipy article on "Wilson Barrett and his Work" to *Longman's Magazine* for November. He has much to say, it is true, about himself, but the article is filled with facts and anecdotes concerning Mr. Barrett that have not been published before. Mr. Coleman's own experience as an actor and a manager has rendered him peculiarly fitted for his task, and he is able the more to appreciate the struggles that Mr. Barrett has undergone before attaining his present eminence, because he has passed through a precisely similar experience himself.

Speaking of Mr. Barrett's Hamlet, the writer remarks on the immense popularity of the play, apart from the personal merits of the actor. No two actors are ever alike in their interpretation of the part, and Mr. Barrett's "was in some respects novel, and in all artistic." Mr. Barrett's fame, however, having been chiefly attained in non-Shakespeareian parts, it is of these that Mr. Coleman treats in most part. The article is designed, as he himself frankly states in his introduction "to give fresh details (not to be found in the daily press), without touching on confidential matters," and as will "justify its appearance in a magazine of repute."

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

Jan. 1	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Terre Haute, Ind.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Staunton, Va.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Omaha, Neb.	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.* / *Richard III.*
2	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Staunton, Va.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Othello.*
	Omaha, Neb.	T. W. Keene.	*Mer. of Venice.* / *Macbeth.*
	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Helen Bancroft.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
4	New York City.	Am. Opera Co.	*Taming of the Shrew.*
	Syracuse, N. Y.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Othello.*
4–8	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Hamlet.*
4–9	Baltimore, Md.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*Romeo & Juliet.*

Jan. 4	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
5	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*As You Like It.*
	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
6	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson,	*As You Like It.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.* / *Much Ado.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*As You Like It.*
6, 7–9	New York City.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
7	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
8	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Rochester, N. Y.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Othello.*
9	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Othello.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
11	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Am. Opera Co.	*Taming of the Shrew.*
11–13	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
12	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
13	Texarkana.	Fred. Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Champaign, Ill.	Redmund-Barry Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
14	Fort Scott, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
15	Providence, R. I.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Parsons, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
16	Providence, R. I.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Pottsville, Pa.	Jaunauschek.	*Macbeth.*
	Parsons, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
18	Cumberland, Md.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Fred. Warde.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*King Lear.*
19	Wheeling, W. Va.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Fred. Warde.	*Othello.*
	Leavenworth, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
20	Lawrence, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
21	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
	New York City.	Augustin Daly.	*Merry Wives.*
22	Dayton, Ohio.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
23	New York City.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Dayton, Ohio.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
25	St. Joseph, Mo.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
26	St. Joseph, Mo.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Omaha, Neb.	Salvini.	*Othello.*

REVIEWS.

MRS. POTT'S *32 REASONS*.

During the last few years the Baconian movement has been assuming larger proportions than hitherto, and has won over to its ranks men of learning and ability, who have become its champions and are equal to their task. Slowly and pertinaciously they have continued the extension and verification of their theory, undaunted by criticism and regardless of contempt. Though it is condemned before written, they have not ceased to publish their belief to the world of letters with an admirable faith in their convictions. The impressions which this theory is making calls for recognition and discussion by the orthodox. It is bad policy and cannot be afforded, to disregard the reiterated assertions and arguments of the Baconians. Contempt and neglect, an occasional passing allusion will not suffice. A truth-loving public desires to know which side is right, where to place their belief, and the reasons for it. "Truth" said the wise man, "is mighty and will prevail:" and in this nineteenth century, a heretic is an anomaly and an absurdity. The world has been too often taught that the infidels of to-day are the saints of to-morrow.

We have been especially impressed with the right which this heterodox sect have to be heard and to be answered; and we have also been impressed with the necessity of such a course on a perusal of one of the latest production of one of their sectaries. The *32 Reasons* is a modest *brochure* (so the author calls it) of some thirty pages. It is, however only the first of a series of similar pamphlets to be devoted to the same general subject; and future editions of the *32 Reasons* are promised from time to time embodying future discoveries as well as suggestions and objections which its readers may communicate to the editor. The series is evidently addressed, not to the scholar, but to the general reader; an attempt to give wide circulation to the ideas of this school of Shakespearian criticism. The book itself makes no pretense to literary merit. It is simply an enumeration, in no apparent methodical order, of the ordinary reasons put forth by the Baconians for the faith that is in them; with copious examples annexed to those points which are capable of illustration. The editor has brought to her task the vast productions of a learning and research such as are inspired only by an earnest enthusiasm, a love for the cause which she has espoused. How she has succeeded, we shall see.

Approaching this book in the spirit which the author has desired, reading "to weigh and consider," not "to contradict and to confute," we have weighed and found wanting, we have considered and require more and better evidence. Coming to the task with a willingness to be convinced we have not found conviction; and are not prepared to believe, with the author, "that the difficulties which have to be explained away, the improbabilities and improved assertions which have

to be credited in order to maintain the theory that Shakespeare wrote the Plays are infinitely beyond any which are entailed upon those who maintain that Bacon was the author," or "that any difficulties which may present themselves regarding the theory fade away under a searching examination of facts."

The external evidence offered is essentially weak; but as it is presented in a very plausible manner, it is proper that we should devote some space to its consideration. The most striking and, on the face of it, most convincing point of outward testimony is contained in the 8th "reason" where it is left us to conjecture that Jonson recognized the identity of Bacon with the author of the plays: for he, "in enumerating sixteen great wits of his day, *does not name* Shakespeare," but uses, in speaking of Bacon, language almost identical with those lines addressed, on another occasion, to Shakespeare,

> Leave thee alone for the *comparison*
> *Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome*
> *Sent forth* or since did from their ashes show. (Underwoods xii.)

Continuing, the Editor notes that Sir Henry Wotton "does not allude to Shakespeare," and "that Bacon himself when upholding the theatre and its beneficial influence, * * whilst deploring its degradation in his own days, does not allude to the Shakespeare plays, wherein he must have recognized the realization of his ideal."

The poem from which the above quotation is taken, is attributed by Fleay to the year 1616, that of Shakespeare's death, when Bacon was still living. A perusal of it will make apparent the absurdity of supposing that it was addressed to any one living. But let Jonson, "the amanuensis and Latin translator" of Bacon confute the conclusions that are sought to be drawn, from his words. Would he have accused his Master Bacon of having "small Latin and less Greek," or hailed him as the "sweet Swan of Avon?" Everything that can be inferred from the utterances of Jonson, tends rather to the complete demolition than to the confirmation of the Editor's position. For the rest, Wotton did not allude to Shakespeare, neither did he to the plays of Bacon; and the only inference to be drawn is that he either did not know of them, which is hardly supposable, or did not think them deserving his notice. As to Bacon's want of allusion to the Plays, it is plain that they could not have realized his ideal: otherwise it would have been absurd for him to deplore the degradation of a stage whose chief ornament they were.

That Bacon was a poet and addicted to the theatre proves nothing. Can the fragments of his poetry that we have be spoken of in the same breath as those of Shakespeare? or the three devices which we know to be of Bacon's composition, are they brothers of the great dramas? Here is where the identity of the two men should appear if anywhere; but here there is the greatest divergence. Bacon's masques are literary curiosities, scarcely read. Shakespeare is a household

word; our model and our idol, while Bacon's plays lie upon the shelf, if indeed they be there, forgotten. The fact that these masques were bound together with other plays among which were the two Richards and that "Shakespeare" was scribbled on the fly-leaf is no more evidence that Bacon was Shakespeare than that he was "Thos. Nashe, inferior plaier."

Another "reason" we will mention, chiefly because of the parade with which it is marshalled forth, for it will impose only upon the unsuspecting. "In a curious book," says the editor, "of which the author is uncertain (printed 1645) a description is given of 'The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours.' Apollo sits on the top of Parnassus. 'The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus' next below him." Then follow the other members of the Court, fifteen in number (the lists are given in an appendix): on the second page are the jurors, among whom the last but one is Shakespeare, and the Court officers. From this we are asked to infer the supreme position which Bacon was acknowledged to hold among the wits and *poets* of his day. We can see nothing in the arrangement of the participants in the tribunal of letters which will warrant the Editor's conclusions. The members of the Court, among whom Bacon appears, are such men as Sidney, Mirandola, the elder Scaliger, Lipsius, Casaubon, Selden, Grotius, historians, critics, theologians, philosophers, lawyers, one of whom added to his other accomplishments, the reputation of a poet. The jury, however, is composed entirely of poets, a majority of whom are also dramatists. Where else would one look for Shakespeare? What more natural than to find him in the company of Beaumont, Fletcher and Massinger? Assuredly, if the learned Editor had come into the "Grand Assizes" with such evidence, she would have been non-suited. She has looked upon the testimony with too biased an eye. Would it not suggest itself immediately to the unprejudiced that the "uncertain author" by placing Shakespeare on the jury, recognized him as a poet, and by the position which he gave him (in the midst of the dramatists) as a playwright also.

We do not mean to charge the editor with unfairness. The absence of rhetoric and the straight-forward way in which the "reasons" are presented show her desire to be just and clear; but there is a necessary bias in her view of the evidence which has to be guarded against. A conclusion is drawn from the fact that the Folio of 1623 appeared without any name. But very nearly all the plays had appeared at one time or another with the name of Shakespeare. This is strong circumstantial evidence that Shakespeare wrote the plays. No reason is assigned why Bacon should have published his writings over the signature of another man, nor can we understand what motive he could have had. And until some satisfactory reason is assigned to overthrow the *prima facie* case of Shakespeare's authorship the burden of proof lies with the Baconians, which, instead of acknowledging, the editor

has attempted to shift by a subterfuge in her first point. It seems rather anomolous that the first of thirty-two reasons should be no reason at all.

We have dwelt thus long and particularly upon these points of external evidence, because we believe that no evidence of this kind has been or is likely to be furnished by the Baconians which carries with it any weight. Their real proof, as offered, is more negative in its kind; the points of internal evidence produced by the editor of the *32 Reasons*, are of a better and sounder character than those we have criticised. It would be senseless if it were possible, to conceal or deny that reasons have been produced which would seem to make the position of the Baconians a tenable one, but they are sought to be supported by many others that will not bear the test of careful scrutiny. We are told "that the vocabulary of Bacon and Shakespeare is to a surprising degree the same, that the average, in the prose works, of words which are also in the Plays, is about 97 pér cent." Now every school boy knows what an immensely larger number of words Shakespeare used than any other writer in the language, and we find nothing strange in the fact that he almost contains the vocabulary of a contemporary and probable associate. The same might occur with any other of the Elizabethans. The Editor, it is observed, does not tell us that 97 per cent. of the words of the Plays are also in the prose works: she would probably discover that it is not the fact.

And so it is with a variety of other reasons which we cannot deal with in detail. Bacon's and Shakespeare's predelictions for the same writers appear natural when we consider the narrow limits within which the literature of the day was confined. Again the selection from any works, of isolated expressions that are applicable to a man, or of isolated characters in which to trace an imagined similarity of trait is no evidence of authorship; especially when the man is one of such varied accomplishments as Bacon and the works embrace such a multiplicity of characters as do Shakespeare's. As to the legal terms in the plays, we make no mention: it has been indisputably demonstrated that the author of *Hamlet* must have been, and the author of the *Merchant of Venice* could not have been a lawyer. The similarity in matters of horticulture seems to us by no means peculiar. The flowers named are only the ordinary English garden flowers, as seen and observed by Bacon, the scientist and by Shakespeare the lover of nature, the poet. Again, surprise is expressed that "a man born and bred in the country" should have given no scene in a country town. True, but he has given us evidence of his country experience and life. "*Venus and Adonis*," says Stopford Brooke, "is full of the country sights and sounds and of the ways of birds and animals such as he saw when wandering in Charlecote woods."

One more point and we have finished our strictures. We must protest against forcing Dr. Abbott to give evidence against himself. A "reason" is made out of the fact that in the preface to the *Shakes-*

pearian Grammar the announcement is made that the book is intended for students of Shakespeare and Bacon. The Editor should have looked as well upon the title page, and in the body of the book, where in the number of quotations from his works, Bacon falls behind Jonson, North's Plutarch, Spenser, the Bible, Beaumont and Fletcher, and probably Ascham; showing that if as she says and he pretended, Bacon made a kind of grammar of his own, we have no right to conclude that his peculiarities of grammar (if he have any) are to be likewise found in the Plays.

Let us now turn to the reasons which may carry with them conviction, which are sustained by facts that will not be gainsayed. We do not pretend to their refutation. That we are unable to meet them properly we candidly confess. It would require, on our part, an amount of learning, comparison and research equal to that displayed by the Editor (and like most critics we are far below our author). We simply state the points and let the reader draw his inference. To us they are by no means conclusive. In the first place there is a strange and striking likeness between the works of Bacon and the Shakespeare plays in matters of science, not only in the knowledge displayed, but in the opinions expressed; and stranger still some scientific errors of Bacon have been reflected in the plays. In the second place the subjects of the collection of private notes entitled *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* "have not (with rare exceptions) been found used by any other author previous to, or contemporary with Bacon, but they are found to be alluded to in the Plays about 3000 times." This then is the whole foundation of the theory; the thirty-two reasons are reduced to two. Advising the reader to take the second statement, until verified in detail, *cum grano salis*, we leave each man to his own verdict.

To our mind, the *32 Reasons* has essentially failed to establish the Baconian authorship. Its partisans are too devoted to minute criticism. They have not made any attempt to establish the identity of the human entity which the student finds in the author of the plays with that which discovers itself to the student of Bacon. Leaving then, this microscopy we find a wide gap between the two. "Bacon and Shakespeare," says Prof. Dowden, "stand far apart. In moral character and in gifts of intellect and soul we should find little resemblance between them. While Bacon's sense of the presence of physical law in the universe was for his time extraordinarily developed, he seems practically to have acted upon the theory that the moral laws of the world are not inexorable, but rather by tactics and dexterity may be cleverly evaded. Their supremacy was acknowledged by Shakespeare in the minutest as well as in the greatest concerns of human life. Bacon's superb intellect was neither disturbed nor impelled by the promptings of his heart. Of perfect friendship or of perfect love he may without reluctance, be pronounced incapable. Shakespeare yielded his whole being to boundless and measureless

devotion. Bacon's ethical writings sparkle with a frosty brilliance of fancy, playing over the worldly maxims which constituted his wisdom for the conduct of life. Shakespeare reaches to the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination and thought." And so of the whole intellect of the man.

JOHN STOKES ADAMS.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Joseph Hill, of Perry Barr, England, whose papers on the Birthplace and the adjoining properties have been a feature of the *Stratford upon-Avon Herald*, has issued a neat pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare's Birthplace and Adjoining Properties*, to which, in addition to a matter already printed, has been added a map of the district he describes. The pamphlet does not, as might have been expected, contain much that is new, but it is a careful and handy survey of the district of which it treats.

Dr. L. Proescholdt, with the coöperation of Herr K. Warnke has undertaken the issue of the pseudo-Shakespearian plays, including the "Doubtful Plays," in about seventeen volumes. Each will be printed from the oldest text, carefully collated with later editions, with the addition of explanatory notes and an introduction dealing with the authorship, sources, metre, bibliography, etc. The plays contemplated in this edition include *Faire Em*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *Edward III.*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *The troublesome reign of King John*, *A Warning to Fair Women*, *The Arraignment of Paris*, *Arden of Feversham*, *Mucedorus*, *George-a-Green*, *the Pinner of Wakefield*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *The London Prodigal*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Puritan*, *or the Widow of Watling Street*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Locrine*. The price has been fixed at the remarkably low figure of two marks per volume, and the enterprise promises to be one of the most successful, as it is certainly one of the most important, of recent ventures in this line of work. Dr. L. Proescholdt, Homburg v. d. H., 35 Elisabethenstrasse, will be glad to learn of rare editions and such other matters as would be of service to him in his work.

PASSING THE GOOD WORD ALONG.

The gratitude of patients is a constant source of encouragement to physicians. Letters full of expressions like the following, received by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., show the bright and noble side of human nature:

"I write to express my gratification that I am able again to write myself 'very well' (thanks to the Compound Oxygen Treatment), and to ask advice for others in the house who are under the same treatment.—ANNA L. JOYNER, Richmond, Ark."

"I have recommended the Oxygen to a great many people, and about a dozen have ordered it, either directly or through me, and in every case but one the parties have been benefited and speak highly of its good effects, which is very gratifying to me.—JAS. J. STEELE, Dundas, Ontario, Can."

From Bloomington, Ill., a patient writes:

"I have sent you not less than a dozen patients from this city, and my sister has, within the last few weeks, sent several more. We have recommended your Oxygen because we have been benefitted and wished others to profit by it also, and because *we fully believe in it*."

Mrs. Emmas S. Hollin writes from Lyndon Centre, Vt.:

"Will you please send me your Treatise on Compound Oxygen? Have been much benefited by the use of Oxygen in years past and wish some of my friends to try the same."

Mrs. A. A. McGinley, of Fort Collins, Col., says:

"Compound Oxygen did so much for me that I can *cheerfully recommend it* to all *run-down constitutions*."

Mrs. G. W. Spaulding writes from Ferndale, Cal.:

"I got a Home Treatment about a year ago, and it did me so much good I must let others know about it. I was spitting blood after a bad spell or *pneumonia*, and it cured me; and I have used it on others with good effects."

Mrs. S. C. Judson, an artist, living in New York city, at The Hanover, West Eighty-third Street, writes:

"The Compound Oxygen has done me good, and you may publish my statement. I have always relied on it for conquering my ailments and have never employed a physician.

S. W. Tucker, Esq., writes from Ponchatoula, La.

"Although you have not heard from me since I wrote to you from Kosciusko, Miss., in 1883, I have been the recipient of letters from sufferers, asking if I had really been benefited by Compound Oxygen, as indicated in my testimonials. My *replies* have been *prompt and emphatic in favor of your Compound Oxygen*."

Rev. Edward J. Fisher, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, Bristol, Morgan County, Ohio, writes:

"A Treatment cured me entirely of a severe attack of pneumonia, and I used only two-thirds. The remainder cured a neighbor of pneumonia in its last stages. I regard Compound Oxygen as the greatest invention or discovery in medicine and therapeutics in the past hundred years."

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., President of Middlebury College, Vermont, writes:

"I derived so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen Treatment last year, that I will ask you to send me the same supply for home treatment with the Inhaler, for which I inclose the price."

The following report is from a gentleman well known in Wisconsin as a dealer in lumber on a large scale:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: *Gentlemen:*—It is with the desire that a relation of my experience of the wonderfully good result of using Compound Oxygen may induce somebody to use it who needs it that I write this unsolicited testimonial.

"Six years ago I had a very severe series of hemorrhages of the lungs, resulting from a serious attack of pneumonia a year and a half previous. I bled so profusely that my life was despaired of by my physician and friends. Between a Tuesday evening and the following Friday morning I had eleven times of bleeding, in some of them I saturated six or seven towels with blood. I became so weak that I could not turn my head upon my pillow; had I had other than a skillful physician, so that the hemorrhages were got under control at this point, I must have died then, as I was too weak to dispose of the blood which had come in mouthfuls before. I gradually recovered; but my lung was very weak, and I had a good deal of pain in it continually, and I for three years I was an invalid, in constant fear of some kind of an attack that would carry me off. I did not then know anything of Compound Oxygen; it was brought to my notice after I had suffered about two years, and I began its use. The results were apparent at once; I began to feel better; I continued the treatment until I had used four supplies of the Home Treatment, continually growing better.

"Gratefully yours, "C. S. WEBB.

"OSHKOSH, WIS., December 19th, 1885."

COMPLETE RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

"To DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—The remarkable success of your Compound Oxygen in my mother's case, induced me to adopt it in my own. For more than fifteen years I have been troubled, more or less, with *dyspepsia*, and for six years I have suffered intensely and continuously from indigestion and constipation and hemorrhoids. I had a severe headache almost every week, and was compelled to use morphine for relief as well as purgatives for the former. I had tried all the usual remedies, but with only temporary relief, and my condition steadily grew worse. In July last I was prostrated for ten days by an attack of hemorrhoids of unusual severity. After partial recovery I resorted to your treatment of Compound Oxygen, which more than met my expectations. *My restoration to health I regard as complete.*

"W. H. WORTHINGTON, "Editor *New South*.

"October 30th, 1885." "Columbus, Miss.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN have the liberty to refer to the following who have tried their Treatment:

HON. WM. D. KELLEY, *Member of Congress.*
REV. V. L. CONRAD, *Editor Luth. Observer.*
REV. CHARLES W. CUSHING, *Lockport, N. Y.*
HON. WM. PENN NIXON, *Inter-Ocean, Chicago.*
JUDGE JOS. R. FLANDERS, *Temple Court, N. Y.*
MRS. MARY A. CATOR, *Camden, N. J.*
MRS. M. A. DOUGHTY, *Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.*
MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, *Melrose, Mass.*
JUDGE R. S. VOORHEES, *New York City.*
MR. G. W. EDWARDS, *St George's Hotel, Phila.*
MR. FRANK SIDDALL, *Merchant, Philadelphia.*
MR. WM. H. WHITELY, *Silk Mfr., Darby, Phila.*

"*Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results*," is the title of a volume of nearly two-hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey and Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent. It will be mailed free to any address on application.

BE SURE to include in your list of PERIODICALS FOR 1886

some, if not all, of the following, for they are the very best and are found in the homes of all cultured people.

Nineteenth Century.

No other journal numbers among its contributors so many brilliant thinkers and profound scholars. The most important changes in the thought of the times are submitted to searching criticism and review

Contemporary Review.

The monthly contributions, by eminent writers, describing the contemporary life and thought of the leading nations of the world, give it an unique position among other Journals, presenting an epitome of all that best deserves attention in the world of thought and action.

Fortnightly Review.

The greatest exponent of radicalism in England. Its Editors and Contributors have ever been noted as leaders of progress, and have formed a school of advanced thinkers, which may justly be cited as the most powerful factor of reform in the British Empire and elsewhere.

Each, $4.50. Any Two, $8.50. All Three, $12.00.

British Quarterly.

While discussing all branches of modern thought, is particularly devoted to the consideration of the more recent theories in Theology and Philosophy. Its articles are characterized by a keenly critical spirit, and for fulness of treatment and justness of criticism it stands alone, in its special field, among the periodicals of the world.

Edinburgh Review.

Numbers among its contributors the greatest names that have moulded English thought for the past eighty years. While its policy admits the discussion of all questions, its conservatism is tempered with a liberalism that marks it as the INDEPENDENT REVIEW of the world.

Quarterly Review.

Its reviews cover all the leading issues of the day, and embrace the latest discoveries in Science, in History, and in Archæology. Much space is devoted to ecclesiastical history and matters connected with the Church, thus making the Review invaluable to the clerical student, as well as of great interest to the general reader.

Each, $3.00. Any Two, $5.50. Any Three, $8.00. Any Four, $10.50. All Five, $13.00.

Westminster Review.

Is notable for the latitude of its theological views, many of the most advanced of modern theories in theology having received in its pages their first authoritative support. A distinctive feature of this Review is its "INDEPENDENT SECTION," containing articles advocating views at variance with those of its editors.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Is the leading and most popular magazine of Great Britain. The tone of its articles, be they fiction, incidents of travel, criti[illegible] political essays, is unexceptionable, [illegible] ing it most desirable for the Home Cir[illegible]

All of above are printed line for line—page for page—with English Editions, but in handie[illegible]

Shakespeariana.

While aiming to furnish a recognized medium for the [illegible] change of views among Shakespearian scholars, and [illegible] ford the student the fullest information relative to [illegible] peare's art, life and writings, SHAKESPEARIANA is specially designed to extend the influence of Shakespeare as a popular educator, and to stimulate the study of his works in our colleges and institutions of learning.

$5.00 a Year.

☞ Full Index Circulars furnished upon application. ☜

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.,

1104 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.